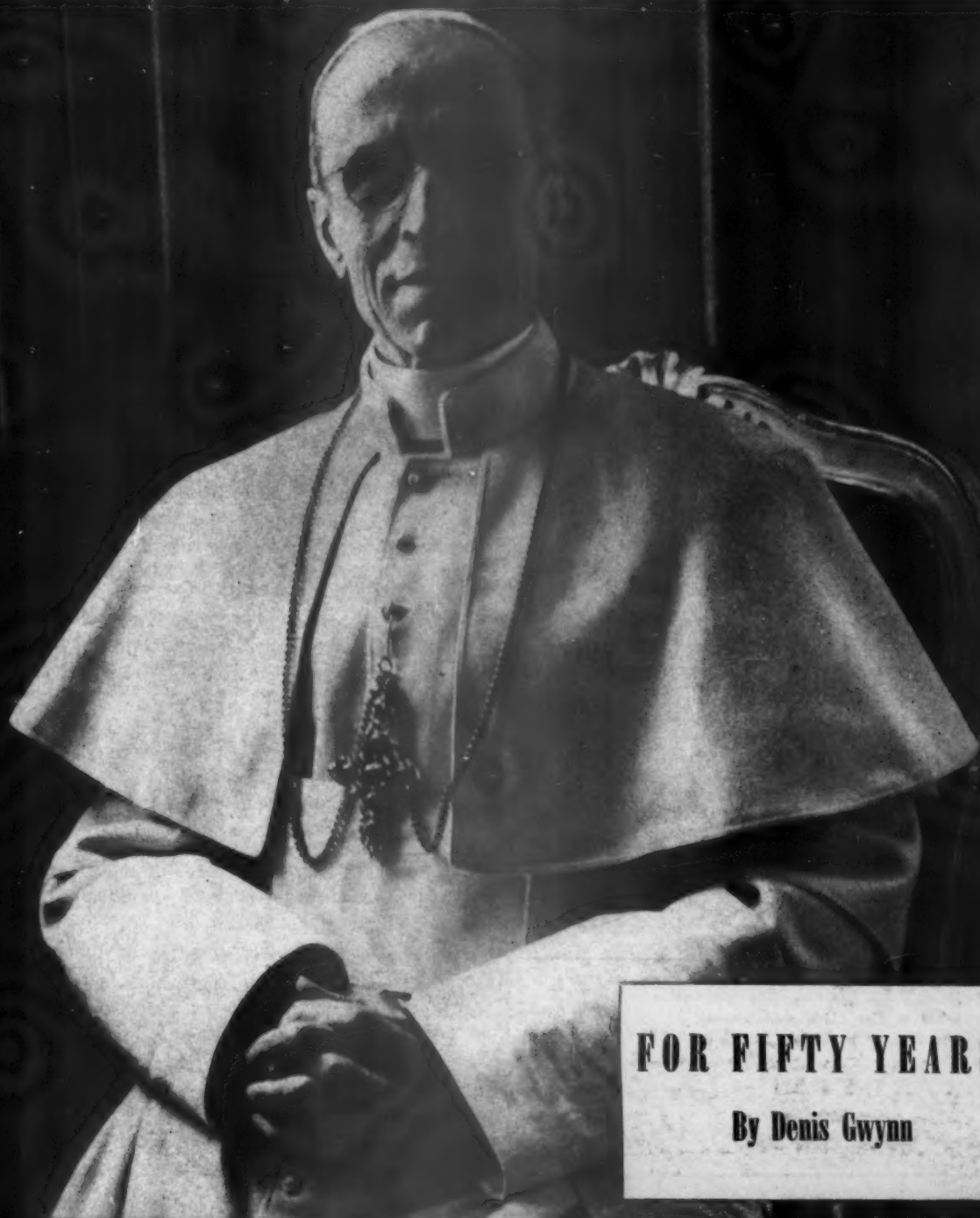


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LETTERS



Sign Circulation

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations indeed on the splendid increase in circulation during the past three years. This in my opinion is a gratifying percentage.

Again very best wishes for your continued success.

FLOYD L. HOCKENHULL, Publisher
Circulation Management Magazine
Chicago, Ill.

"I Know a Union Man Who"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I know a man who totally disagrees with the author of "I Know a Union Man Who" in your February issue, regardless of the latter's "knowledge of the history of the psychological forces involved. . . ."

Surely the Church stresses an annual living wage, but I am sure she would not place it so high as the author does. Many an honest laborer is getting less and is quite satisfied until some union man comes along and convinces him that he is far too "underpaid" and must "get more or strike."

Surely the Church favors labor organizations, and the Pope and Bishops may speak of "reorganization of our economic system," but the author has forgotten to mention that a strike is the very last resource to which one must have recourse.

Dawson, Yukon Territory

J. L. C.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

So Mr. Paul Mathews can't think or does not know of a single instance where heads of any corporation in America have "ganged up" on labor.

We can well understand, after reading Mr. Mathews' letter, why that recently publicized *Margin of Ideological Safety* is maintained and practiced by the Catholic labor man and Catholic instructors when dealing with the naïve.

Could a more appropriate instance be found to illustrate an old cant? It could be done so advisedly: "Where ignorance is bliss it's folly to be wise!"

CORNELIUS O'NEILL

Jersey City, N. J.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on that fine article, "I Know a Union Man Who," by Philip E. Dobson, S.J. It's high time we Catholics began learning and practicing the Church's social teachings in the many social problems that confront us.

It's up to us, with Christ's help, to learn the moral principles involved and then to

put them to practical use, no matter how radical they seem to our minds tainted by materialism.

LEO A. ROWELL

Chicago, Ill.

"I Like Single Bliss"—Pro.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read Miss Sanders' article, "I Like Single Bliss," and enjoyed it so much. I am a senior in high school, and I intend to go to college and take a course in Social Service Work. I want to make a career of it, and her article made me even more enthusiastic about it. So many of the things she expressed are exactly the way I feel.

RUTH SANGUINETT

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to congratulate Miss Sanders on her article, "I Like Single Bliss," which appeared in the February issue of *The Sign*. I was beginning to wonder if other women feel exactly as I do about the unmarried state, although my sisters who are mothers of large families realize their children receive more in the way of treats because their aunt is single and has a good job.

LUCY E. ZERWIN

"I Like Single Bliss"—Con.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Regina Sanders' handling of this delicate and very personal subject of our maiden ladies is positively the worst bit of epistolical and cynical writing I have had the displeasure of reading. Not only does she fail to set forth a good Catholic outlook for them (if any were needed), but she resorts to generalized ridicule of married women in an attempt to prove her own warped viewpoint.

Her main objective appears to be the sowing of seeds of discontent among her generally happily married sisters who, quite naturally, many times get physically and mentally tired or discouraged but seldom bored while performing their numerous everyday duties of good Catholic wives and mothers.

I must confess, after reading this article in which a woman wishes to air her views on a subject while having nothing constructive to offer, I am more than ever convinced that St. Paul was right: "Let women keep silence. . . ."

Let's have no more of these writings, at least not in *The Sign*.

FRANK H. REMY

Drexel Hill, Pa.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

If Miss Sanders would "accept" children as the honorable fulfillment of the purpose of marriage, and if she thinks their sole use to her would be to run errands, it is a good thing that she stayed single. Is there nothing holy about bringing a new soul into the world to be saved? Besides *Causi Connubii* teaches that "the mutual inward molding of husband and wife, this determined effort to perfect each other, can in a very real sense, as the Roman Catechism teaches, be said to be the chief reason and purpose of matrimony."

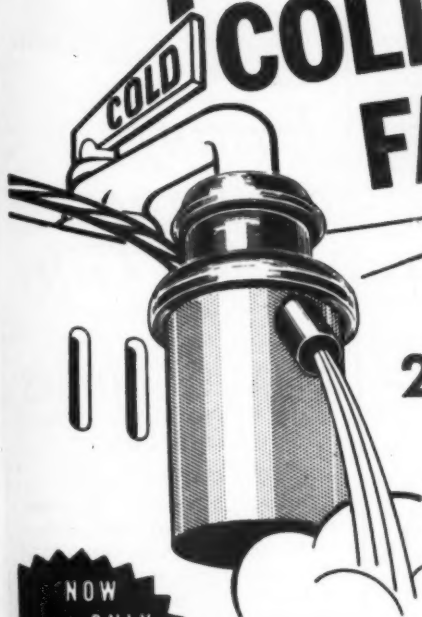
As far as married women's being bored—no good, Catholic mother bringing up her children as good Catholics, taking care of
(Continued on page 4)

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

her husband and home, and devoting the rest of her time (if there is any) to charitable activities will be bored. These are much nobler purposes than the career girl can ever have, "the mixed routine and excitement of office life."

The article would have been much more effective if it had considered the spiritual side of the celibate life.

GRADUATE OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Do I detect a few false notes in Regina Sanders' song of single bliss? Enough to make me suspect she neither likes being single, nor is anything she describes, bliss; but in a letter I can only challenge one or two of her statements.

The basic fallacy of her attitude is expressed—accidentally or not?—in the first illustration which reads: "The bachelor girl is not anxious to be a glorified charwoman." There is nothing ignoble in being a charwoman, is there? A charwoman can be a saint. But, supposing I were to grant the implication that there is something degrading or unpleasant about being a charwoman, what makes her put wife and mother in that category? She is a victim, apparently, of the damnable heresy which looks upon housework and child rearing as drudgery, and on the woman who submits to them, or who likes them, as a slave if not a complete idiot.

The whole breakdown of the home and family ideal stems from this unfortunate error; it strikes at the very heart, at the sanctity of the home and the dignity of woman. What Christ raised to the glory of a sacrament the modern woman, the career woman, has dragged down and trampled underfoot.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

"The Big Fisherman"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Having read the letter in your March issue from the two young ladies in North Cambridge, Mass., I was saddened that they have been taken in by the book, *The Big Fisherman*. I, too, have read this book and thought that its inaccuracies and omissions were so glaring and obvious that any reader would be able to pick them out.

It should be clear that Mr. Douglas does not believe that Jesus Christ is truly God. It should be clear also that Mr. Douglas has changed, materially, quotations from the Gospels to suit his own beliefs. He is also guilty of several historical inaccuracies which don't have to do with religion at all. However, I believe his greatest sin is the fact that the Mother of God is completely ignored.

FRANK CARR

Medford, Mass.

Heart of the Matter

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Father Kennedy has seen fit to laud *The Heart of the Matter* as a great Catholic novel. One cannot read the novel without sensing Graham Greene's depiction of Scobie as one who loved God. In that depiction the book fails to be a Catholic

(Continued on page 72)



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The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

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APRIL

1949

VOL. 28



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EDITOR'S PAGE

Our Holy Father

THE year 1949 marks two great milestones in the life of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII: March 12, the tenth anniversary of his coronation and April 2, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

In these critical days, we Catholics find in the person of the present Supreme Pontiff an indication of that Divine Providence which guides and protects the Church. Before his election to the papacy, he was closely associated in the government of the Church with the four great Popes who preceded him—Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, and Pius XI. It would seem that he has received from each of his four predecessors a measure of his special spirit: from Leo XIII, a solicitude for the workingman and for democratic institutions; from Pius X, an earnest zeal for the deepening and strengthening of the spiritual life of the Church; from Benedict XV, a tireless energy in the cause of peace; and from Pius XI, an iron courage in proclaiming the rights and dignity of the individual and in defending the Church against the onslaughts of totalitarianism.

The pontificate of Pope Pius XII has coincided with the war and postwar period. A large part of his work has been devoted to the cause of peace. His thirteen encyclicals and his many addresses and pronouncements form a veritable series of signposts pointing the way to that spiritual, moral, and social reconstruction which is a necessary condition of lasting peace.

But while striving for peace, the Holy Father has never advocated peace at any price. Not only has he condemned selfish isolationism, but he has taught that there are circumstances in which it is a Christian duty to resort to arms.

Never before have leaders of the Western nations listened with more respectful attention to the words of the Vicar of Christ. Problems that were national yesterday are global today, and they know that the Pope thinks and acts in terms of the whole human race. The Holy Father has encouraged the West in its efforts to unite against the threat of Soviet Russia and has praised the "farseeing statesmen and clear, dispassionate thinking in the new world."

But the situation of the Church east of the

iron curtain has wrung the Holy Father's heart with grief. There, downright persecution, climaxed by the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty, indicates that in territories under their control the Reds are determined to stamp out the Christian religion. The Holy Father has fought unflinchingly, supported only by his own prayers and the prayers of his devoted children.

ON Thursday nights between ten and eleven o'clock, a group of young workingmen gather on the top steps of the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome. The great square is silent, dark, and deserted. A solitary light shines down from the room where the Holy Father works late into the night. These young men meditate on Our Lord's agony in the Garden of Gethsemani and offer their prayers and meditations for the Vicar of Christ.

We may not be able to join them on the steps of St. Peter's, but in our own churches and in our own homes we can emulate this holy custom of sacrificing an hour of leisure to pray that God may enlighten and strengthen the Holy Father. The knowledge that his children are thus supporting him by their prayers will help to sustain him under the heavy burden that is his.

On the occasion of his golden jubilee of ordination, we join with our readers in felicitating His Holiness and in praying with the Church:

"O God, the Pastor and Ruler of all the faithful, look down, in Thy mercy, upon Thy servant, Pius, whom Thou has appointed to preside over Thy Church; and grant, we beseech Thee, that both by word and example he may edify all those who are under his charge; so that, with the flock entrusted to him, he may arrive at length unto life everlasting. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen."

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Acme
Barry O'Hara, five, carries a placard in protest against the arrest of Cardinal Mindszenty. Unlike the little girl below, he is being trained to respect freedom and fight injustice.



Acme
A mother teaches her child to raise the clenched fist during a Red demonstration in Paris. The scourge of Communism will never die as misguided parents imitate her example.

THE Presidential program of compulsory health insurance for all is one of the most perplexing questions with which our national legislators will have to tussle. The problem

Socialized Medicine and the AMA

by no means lends itself to anyone's being doctrinaire—whether his name be Oscar R. Ewing or Morris Fishbein.

Although we cannot help sympathizing with Federal Security Administrator Ewing when we analyze the type of frock-coat contradiction offered by Dr. Fishbein and the American Medical Association's House of Delegates. The medical profession, as some of its most distinguished fellows have been the first to observe, is being singularly unpatriotic and un-Christian in the selfish blindness of much of its opposition.

The fact that only one fifth of the people of this nation can afford all the medical care they need is not wiped away by asserting that the medical standards of this country are the highest of any in the world. This well may be, but it can be of scant consolation to the other four fifths who must accept this dictum merely on hearsay.

The fact that over three hundred thousand Americans die each year because of inadequate medical attention is not made less a fact by screaming "socialized medicine" and paying the screamers \$3,500,000 for screaming.

There seems something almost insincere about this bugaboo concerning socialized medicine. For years we have had a public school system in which the teachers are paid by government, the buildings and appurtenances are owned by government, the school curriculum is controlled by government. What could be more socialized than that? Yet the AMA takes the socialized school system quite for granted. (Some of its members may even now be lending volume to the chorus of those who frown vocally on parochial schools, which incidentally elect to remain private rather than be socialized.) It seems inconsistent that the same AMA should cry murder, socialization, Communism at the idea of receiving payment for services freely rendered from a patient's government insurance instead of his bank account. It just doesn't add up.

The hard realities of the matter are: 1. "The welfare and security of our nation demand that the opportunity for good health be made available to all, regardless of residence, race, or economic status. . . . A great and free nation should bring good health care within the reach of all its people"—President Truman to Congress; 2. The medical and allied professions are not doing this on the current fee-for-service basis; 3. It is a fundamental duty of government to protect the health and welfare of its citizens. Where individuals cannot take care of these needs by themselves, it is the right and the duty of government to assist; 4. This the present Administration is attempting to do by compulsory health insurance.



Acme
Sanza Nozaka, a Japanese representative and Red leader, looks at the list of thirty-one comrades recently elected. Red propaganda is strong over there; our propaganda is very weak.



Acme
In St. Louis, students protest against the enrollment of colored students in their school. We preach democracy. Why not practice it seriously and honestly eliminate racial discrimination?



Acme
The children did not protest alone. The colored students (Americans as you and I) entered the class, but the teacher did not appear. Is this how our schools teach democracy?

In spite of all the controversy over compulsory health insurance, there are many who do not understand what it is. The *American Druggist* polled its readers and found that

Compulsory Health Insurance Program

although nine out of ten druggists were against the insurance plan, only forty-four out of a hundred understood how it will operate. In bare outlines, the plan has for goal to supply insurance for medical, dental, and nursing care and for hospitalization. It is hoped that the coverage will eventually embrace every one of the 147,000,000 people in this country. The program is to be financed by payroll taxes, with an impost of 1½ per cent each on employers and employees.

Administration of the program is to be in the hands of the states, rather than the Federal Government, and the states will act through local boards made up of physicians and laymen, somewhat after the fashion of local Selective Service boards.

Doctors and those in kindred professions will be free to come in or stay out of the program. If they come in, they will be free to accept or reject patients as they do now. Patients will have the right to select the physician. Fees will not be established by the government alone but through negotiations between the state and local agencies administering the program and representatives of the medical, dental, and nursing professions and the hospitals.

In principle and prescinding from operational details, this would seem to be a program quite consonant with Christian social doctrine. The bishops of the United States as long ago as 1939 stated in "The Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction": "The worker stands in need of the device of insurance. The state should make comprehensive provision for insurance against illness."

It is one thing to say what no one can deny, namely that in welfare matters it belongs to the state to do what citizens cannot do for themselves. It is quite another to conclude

Federal Insurance the Answer?

that therefore the Truman health program is the answer to all our medical woes. It is not. For there is another very important and basic principle of Catholic social thought which is called the principle of subsidiarity. It means that there is a hierarchy of function in society. It means that what a town can do, the state should not take upon itself to do; that what a state can do, the Federal Government should not arrogate to itself. When this principle is violated, the way is wide open for central dictatorship. Bureaucracy is the warning sign. And it is hard to conceive of a more sprawling bureaucracy than that which would have to be set up to administer a universal compulsory health insurance. Nor a more inefficient one.

The hazards of compulsory insurance are not in the collection of taxes, but in the disbursement of funds. The danger is not that doctors will become hirelings of the state, but that rather through error or even collusion with patients they may become milkers of the state. A man visits a doctor. Cost, three dollars. He pays nothing to the doctor. The bill is sent to the insurance bureau. Multiply this by several million. Think of the thousands of accountants and accounting clerks that will be required to keep the books straight. Again, who is to check whether the patient made the visit (error) or at least a bona fide visit (fraud)? Multiply again. Think of the thousands of inspectors and investigators that will be required to check claims.

Then there is the cavalier disregard of existing voluntary insurance plans. Government should encourage and protect these rather than seek to supplant them. The Life

Insurance Association reported in January that more than 52,000,000 people are now protected under some form of voluntary hospital insurance, 26,000,000 by voluntary surgery insurance, and 9,000,000 by voluntary medical expense insurance. The Department of Labor reports that in 1948 there were 3,000,000 workers covered by some sort of union-negotiated welfare plan. Instead of scrapping these, here is a broad field of private initiative in which government can aid.

These are only two items which must be searchingly considered.

Caution and experiment are essential before the country is launched on any federal compulsory health insurance plan. Rabid crusaders for or against are not helping matters. Democratic deliberation will.

STRETCHING an elastic band is fun. Until it breaks. Then you get slapped. Since the war, certain Protestant leaders have been playing with propaganda elastics and apparently getting some dubious fun out of it. But a rupture has just occurred, and their brethren are absorbing a dizzying slap. When the notorious

Protestants' Turn For Liquidation?

junketing clergymen were invited to inspect Tito's suitcase of political samples in 1947, they scampered back to us with a report that contradicted every scrap of information which American diplomats and reputable correspondents had been able to dig up. There was no badgering of religion in Tito's Yugoslavia and, by implication, in any of the lush social pastures behind the Iron Curtain. Archbishop Stepinatz was impounded for what is practically life, not because he said his prayers and taught the word of God, but because he tried to scuttle the comradely contentment of the Yugoslavian state.

Quite understandably, a great mass of honest Protestants got the impression that the Catholic Church was being pushed around in Eastern Europe because she is ridden by some secret and senseless penchant for power and treason. The new Communist states were not hounding religion. They were only protecting themselves from the sinister and unswerving machinations of Rome. Protestants, however, could sit back. They were safe.

This conviction was fed by Bishop Oxnam's campaign for civil discrimination against Catholics. Oxnam is one of the most unremitting political promoters in the United States. And when a man as energetic as he takes aim at a promotional target, he is bound to influence those who cannot check facts. Protestant reaction to his needling would necessarily take the form, not only of uneasy antagonism against the Catholic Church, but of easy confidence in Protestant immunity from antagonism.

Even the Mindszenty trial was twisted into an occasion for the same sort of reckless reassurance. We Catholics received many messages of Christian sympathy from high-minded Protestant leaders. But there was comment from other Protestant sources, saying churlishly: Too bad. We do not like to see any one suffer. But what can you expect—the way the Catholic Church meddles in politics. This sort of poisonous condolence, while cultivating new buds of suspicion against us, further nursed a sense of placidity in Protestants.

But this was the point where the overstretched myth about political meddling snapped. And the recoil hurt the Protestants in the Soviet stockade.

As a result of the publicity given the Mindszenty trial, American Protestants discovered with a shock that Lutheran Bishop Ordass, of Hungary, was a prisoner of the Hungarian Reds. Which meant that, not only the Catholics of Eastern



International
Dr. W. W. Yen and members of Chinese cabinet prepare to fly to Peiping for a peace talk with the Reds. They will learn that to the Reds peace means complete Communist domination.



Harris & Ewing
We must have a strong air arm today not only to defend the country, but to deter the Russians from attacking. Above, a B-36, the newest and fastest bomber, flies over the Capitol.



Acme
The above group of exiles formed a council for a free Czechoslovakia. It is a modest beginning, but serves to keep the torch of freedom lit for an enslaved nation behind the Iron Curtain.



Acme
A father seeks information about his son who disappeared in eastern Germany. The Russians have made 300,000 people "disappear." It is the only way they can boost immigration.



Acme
The American flag above has fifty stars in it to show how it will look if Alaska and Hawaii are given much-deserved statehood. We can always make room in the blue for another star.



Harris & Ewing
Walter Reuther, center, urges the building of twenty million homes to ease the "housing tragedy." A lot of union and building codes have to go first. It's either homes or codes.

Europe, but the Protestants too, were on the grill. And American Protestants had neither noticed it nor protested against it. Protestant leaders, who had been gunning for us, complained that we, Catholics, who were demonstrating in behalf of Cardinal Mindszenty, had not demonstrated in behalf of Bishop Ordass. It was a case of the rabbit hunter reproving the rabbit for not protecting him from the bear.

Then came another blow to Protestant security. Fifteen Bulgarian Protestant leaders were nabbed by state police and charged with exactly the same type of capitalistic crime that had been hung on the Cardinal: a reluctance to surrender the natural rights that God gave them. It seems that, having disposed of the Catholic Church with the aid of misdirected Protestant sentiment in the United States, the totalitarians are now trucking the Protestant churches to the Cominform morgue.

We are sincerely sympathetic with our Protestant brethren in their trial, and we devoutly hope that some providential accident will force their persecutors to grant them real freedom to exercise their religion. Their cause is our cause in this matter.

We believe, however, that their plight and ours is largely due to certain leaders representing small minorities among them. When the Soviet began to strangle the Catholic Church in Eastern Europe, these leaders began to club it here in the United States; and while they thumped it with every political stick they could find, they sneered hateful and systematic insult. In order to make the Constitution declare against Catholics, they made it declare against God and against the cause of every religious man.

A strong, unanimous reaction in the United States, three or four years ago, against religious persecution in Eastern Europe, might have discouraged that sort of oppression at the outset. But then it was only the Catholic Church that was on the rack; and the protest was not forthcoming.

THIS is only a parable: A man-with-a-record escorted a particularly mangy and pugnacious dog into New York City's police headquarters at 240 Center St., accosted the

The Enemy Within The Gate

Commissioner, and made this interesting threat, "If my dog ever chooses to attack you, or if you are ever driven to use force against him, I'll shoot you in the back." Only a parable; but it is a realistic and just parallel for the declaration of intentions which the Communist Party has made in France, Britain, Italy, and the United States. In the event of a war between their country and Soviet Russia, Communists are pledged to fight for the Soviet and against their country. Stripped of all the double talk, that is exactly what Thorez, Pollitt, Togliatti, and Foster have described as the Communist program of patriotism.

Now, the question is: In the light of such swaggering candor, what should be done about the Communist Party here in the United States?

Ignore it, as if its precise avowal of moral treason made no change in the situation? Or, just chide it patiently lest it do that truly awful thing which we call "going underground?" Or, get chummier with it than ever, hoping our good nature will convert it from the error of its ways?

All these timid maneuvers have been tried before and have been found to be "duds." Now what?

Can't we find a hint in the parable of the police commissioner, threatened by the thug with the cur at his heels and the gun in his pocket? Even though it seems to have been the last thing to occur to us, don't you think we should try the first thing that would occur to the commissioner?

Do it legally, of course.

50th Anniversary of Priesthood



Mother



Son



Father

This month His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, celebrates his Golden Jubilee as a Priest of God. With deepest filial devotion, THE SIGN dedicates this issue to him and presents an album of pictures portraying various stages of his providential career



Second row center, little Eugenio Pacelli as a schoolboy at the Visconti School



*Second row center, Eugenio Pacelli in 1894
in an upper form at the Visconti School*



*As Nuncio to Berlin (1920-29) he is shown
leaving the palace of Von Hindenburg*



*In 1911, young Monsignor Pacelli attended
the coronation of King George V in England*



*1936. The Cardinal Secretary of State with
Cardinal Dougherty beside the liberty bell*



*In 1917, Papal Nuncio to Bavaria, Arch-
bishop Pacelli greets Italian prisoners*



*Cardinal Pacelli is welcomed to Budapest to
attend the Eucharistic Congress in 1937*



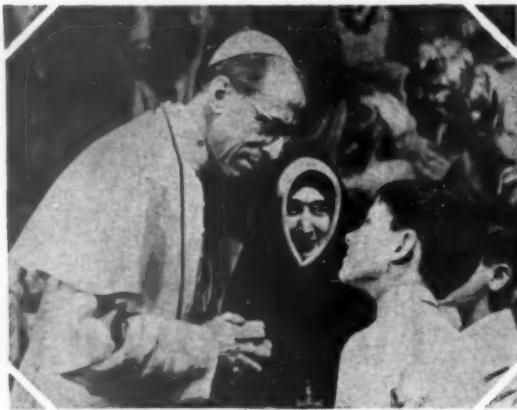
On March 2, 1939, Card. Pacelli was elected Pope, and crowned Pius XII on March 12



Always interested in science, the Pope inspects the latest television equipment



1943. Refusing to leave, the Pope prays with the people after the bombing of Rome



The Holy Father speaks to a schoolboy. Children are dear to his paternal heart.



The Pope urged the workers to form an apostolate. Above, the enthusiastic response

FIFTY years ago this month, the Holy Father was ordained a priest. Since that day, as the pictures portray, he has been raised to the greatest dignities in the Church culminating in his election as Pope. Yet shining even more brilliantly than his keen intelligence or his diplomatic skill has been his priestly character. As Archbishop Cicognani said of him years ago when the Pope was Nuncio to Germany: "... (He) appeared more than a high official in the diplomatic field. He was truly a humble priest ... and even those most alien or indifferent to sacred things came finally to admire in him the priest, bishop, and the good shepherd of souls."

As a young priest the Holy Father had hoped to be a pastor over a little flock. His hopes were too modest. The world would be his flock; he was to be "the high priest over the house of God." On this his Golden Jubilee, may God bless our high priest, the Holy Father, and spare him to us for many years.



The Pope never overages, and children are drawn to him, like these from Holyoke, Mass.

FOR 50 YEARS

No previous Pope has ever served and ruled the Church through such troublous times as has Pius XII during the half century since his ordination day

by **DENIS GWYNN**

THE brief period of fifty years since Pius XII was ordained to the priesthood in 1899 has been among the most momentous in all the twenty centuries of Christian history. They have been years of convulsions and upheavals such as no one could have imagined in that era of apparent tranquillity and material progress which saw the long pontificate of Leo XIII. Leo still reigned for four more years while young Monsignor Pacelli was entering upon his dedicated career in the central direction of the Church. And, with his prophetic vision of the future, Leo had already laid the foundations of immense changes in the Church's organization, in preparation for the years of ceaseless conflict that he foresaw.

Each of the four Popes who have followed Leo XIII has made his special contribution to the great transformations that were needed. Leo had been the first Pope elected since the overthrow of the temporal power in 1870 and the confiscation of the Papal States. By continuing to live as a "prisoner" within the Vatican and grounds, he upheld his predecessor's protest against that confiscation. But he openly encouraged, against obdurate opposition, a more conciliatory attitude toward the new forms of government. He gave a lead to those who held that democracy, like other political systems, could be made compatible with Christian principles and needs.

Above all, he discerned how rapidly

power and social leadership were passing from the hands of the effete aristocracies. Those who had amassed wealth, whether in industry or commerce or finance, were everywhere becoming the real governing class; and they were bound by no social responsibilities and had no tradition of public service. Unemployment, insecurity, miserable wages, and inhuman hours of work resulted everywhere from the economic progress of the age. Leo's denunciations of unrestrained capitalism and his encouragement of the workers to combine in self-defense for social improvements became the most notable feature of his pontificate.

The approach of conflicts which Leo had foreseen became so manifest that Pius X, who succeeded him, issued appeal after appeal for reconciliation. National rivalries, with their demand for expansion in distant continents—which seemed then to count for so little otherwise—were piling up armaments. At the same time, social injustice was provoking a propaganda of class warfare which disregarded all national frontiers. It became a race whether Europe would be rent first by war or by social revolution. To the Vatican it became clear, when hostilities opened in 1914, that both war and social revolution together

would have done their worst before arms were laid down.

Striving to the last for peace, Pius X died within a few weeks. The pontificate of his successor, Benedict XV, marks the beginning of a new age. He, too, threw all his energies and diplomacy into restoring peace. But three years of war had spread devastation and chaos over Europe. By 1917 exhaustion had been reached on both sides, but the German victories gave hopes of triumph with one final campaign. That summer Russia collapsed and the Czar abdicated to Kerensky's liberal ministers. By winter the Bolshevik revolution had gained control.

During those years of war in Europe young Monsignor Pacelli had held high offices in Rome, first as assistant to Cardinal Gasparri, the Secretary of State, and later as secretary to the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. In 1917, on the eve of those vast convulsions which have developed spasmodically ever since, he was sent to Bavaria to take a hand in Benedict's personal effort to make peace before Europe "crashed over the abyss."

As Nuncio to Munich and to Berlin during the next fourteen years, Monsignor Pacelli was to be the principal agent of the Holy See in trying to rescue Europe and its Christian civilization from ruin. He brought to the Kaiser in June, 1917, the Pope's request for a statement of the peace terms he would consider. But Benedict's efforts were frustrated, and the next year brought on catastrophe. Russia passed into the hands of Lenin and Trotsky, and the

era of ruthless bloodshed and destruction and starvation began at once. In the spring, before the American armies could come into action, Germany had smashed Italy and driven across France almost to Paris and the Channel ports, before the tide turned suddenly, and they were flung back in retreat and chaos.

The years that followed upon that sudden reversal of fortune in 1918 were to decide the direction of all subsequent papal policy. Benedict had openly predicted all that was involved for the survival of Christendom in Europe if his supreme peace efforts should fail. Over immense territories there was now an imminent prospect of relapse into the Dark Ages, after so much slaughter and destruction and the plagues that arose from years of starvation. But that was only one aspect of what lay ahead. The old Russian Empire, though it persecuted the Catholic Church, was thoroughly Christian by tradition. But Red Russia was deliberately exterminating Christianity in all its forms, and it had launched a campaign to conquer all Europe for atheistic Communism.

The reality of these dangers was beyond all doubt, and the Holy See had unique and direct information of the real conditions. Benedict's agents in the most disorganized parts of Europe included the two Nuncios who succeeded him on the papal throne. Monsignor Pacelli became his principal agent in central Europe, and Monsignor Ratti, whom he had sent to Poland as Apostolic Visitor, was in direct touch with the chaotic conditions adjoining

Russia. For Europe, the main task was to prevent a complete collapse into anarchy. For the whole Church, the future required an urgent reorganization to extend and strengthen its foundations in the new continents.

Thence forward these two objects were pursued concurrently. The sequel, largely under the direction of Pius XII, has already produced a structure of the whole Church vastly different from that in which he commenced his life's work under Leo XIII. Even before 1914 expansion and development in the other continents had been proceeding steadily, and in both North and South America the Catholic population had been growing rapidly for years. But America's intervention in the World War had brought an enormous increase of American influence in world affairs and, in those years of deadly peril for Europe and of rapid reorganization, the Church drew its chief sources of reinforcement from beyond the Atlantic.

It was symbolic of all subsequent papal policy that Benedict's first encyclical after 1918 was devoted wholly to appeals for the foreign missions. For Europe he could only ask for alms and urge reconciliation in a spirit of Christian brotherhood and forgiveness.

In Munich Monsignor Pacelli had witnessed the first Communist rising soon after the war ended. He saw, too, the first abortive attempt by Hitler and his brown shirts there. In Poland the situation became acutely critical when the Red Armies advanced upon Warsaw. Monsignor Ratti insisted on remaining at his post, alone except for

Former Secretary of State Marshall visited the Pontiff last year. The Vatican is recognized as a power for peace



the American Ambassador, while the decisive battle was fought which forced the Reds back into Russia. A year later, as Archbishop of Milan, Monsignor Ratti had seen the rise of Mussolini's black shirts there; and soon afterward he became Pope on Benedict's death. He had lived, as Monsignor Pacelli had done, on the edge of a yawning precipice; and his whole pontificate was devoted to preparing against the possibility that the same battle might be fought again and lost.

HOPES of a real return toward European unity were raised by the Treaty of Locarno, which pledged France, Germany, and Britain to guaranteeing each other against attack. Monsignor Pacelli, under the new Pope's direction, became one of its principal negotiators; but the rise of Hitler's Nazi propaganda destroyed all hope of reconciliation. The old threats of war and the competition in armed preparations were returning in full blast when Monsignor Pacelli was recalled to Rome to succeed Cardinal Gasparri as Secretary of State in 1931.

Acting in closest collaboration with Pius XI, he pursued every possible effort to prevent war in Europe, while concentrating more than ever upon extension of the Church's organization in other continents. Pius XI had been urging the formation of native seminaries and had been strengthening the hierarchies in the foreign missions, while in the new continents he multiplied bishops and consolidated local government. He had demanded recruitment of clergy for the foreign missions as a first priority even when local needs in Europe and elsewhere could not be met. He had consecrated Asiatic and African bishops.

War was already expected everywhere when Cardinal Pacelli succeeded him as Pope early in 1939, but the preparations of the Holy See against all eventualities had been made. Heedless of all warnings from the Vatican, Europe was heading straight for suicide in the mad rivalry of national ambitions. Its old hegemony went forever in a blind conflict in which all guiding principles were lost to sight. The one clear issue during the years between the wars had been the plain conflict between atheistic Communism, with its aggressive program, and the older civilization that opposed it. But to gain an initial advantage Hitler formed his alliance with Stalin, only to turn upon Russia once he had completed his lightning conquests in the West. Thereupon, the Western Powers immediately formed an alliance with Soviet Russia against Hitler; and the war spread

devastation and famine from England to beyond Moscow.

In one phase of all the bewildering upheavals that followed, the Vatican itself was in immediate peril of destruction. Rome seemed doomed to become a battleground as the Allied armies fought their war northward through Italy. Only a few hours of aerial bombardment or, by more recent standards, only the explosion of one atom bomb could have reduced to a wilderness of charred ruins the whole Vatican City State—that little territory which Pius XI had designated as the essential minimum for a foothold upon which the Holy See must assert its right to sovereign and independent existence. Small as it seemed on the map, as he had said, did it not cover and guard the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles?

In the great square of St. Peter's, in those days of terror, the people of Rome surged around Pope Pius XII imploring his protection. He came out on the high balcony and announced that, come what might, his safety must remain identified with theirs. He proclaimed his belief that there was still enough

► The beginning of wisdom is calling things by their right names.

Christian charity and reverence in the world to avert such an act of insane impiety. In those days of sublime courage and faith, the position of the Pope in the modern world was revealed in all its moral strength. It was something gained, when war ended, that Rome with its incomparable treasures and buildings had escaped devastation.

But the very existence of the Vatican State was to be in jeopardy a few years later, when the Italian elections showed how formidable the Communist organization in Italy had become. For the juridical basis of the Vatican State rests, by the desire of the Holy See itself, entirely upon the Concordat with Italy that was signed at the same time as the Lateran Treaty. If that Concordat should be revoked, the rights and status of the Vatican City would be in the melting pot again.

Whatever may yet be the future of the Vatican City, with its palaces and offices and its treasure accumulated through the centuries, the moral and spiritual influence of the papacy had been enhanced beyond all comparison during the lifetime of the reigning Pope, and very largely as a result of his labors. It has become the indispensable agency for every concerted effort to promote or to restore peace throughout the world. Its appeals now carry absolute conviction to the laboring classes,

wherever the avowed enemies of Christianity have not gained control. And, even in shattered Europe, there is the present compensation that national rivalries are being overcome in face of the Communist aggression.

Against the assaults of atheistic and militant Communism the papacy now stands forth, not as a mediator seeking to settle the minor differences among the nations, but as the protagonist of Christendom. It allies itself with no political party, not even with those which claim that their program is derived from the papal teaching on social questions. Its appeal is to all sons of men. In his first encyclical, issued after the declaration of war in 1939, Pius XII proclaimed the whole message of the Church to an afflicted world. "They must be brought back, they must be formed anew, to the holy pattern and spirit of Jesus Christ. The only means by which man can be brought back into the way of salvation are reverence for Christ on His royal throne, recognition of His kingly rights, and the restoration both of the individual and of society to the law of Christian truth and charity."

No previous Pope has ever served and ruled the Church through such extraordinary cataclysms and changes as Pius XII has witnessed during the past fifty years. And one lesson of human affairs emerges most strikingly when we look back across them. The temporary triumphs or disasters which have seemed most overwhelming and irrevocable when they occurred may be reversed even more decisively, within a shorter time than they took to accomplish. The triumphs of the Central Powers in Europe in 1918 were turned to a total collapse of their Empires before the same year ended, just as Hitler's blitzkrieg, which swept to the whole Atlantic coast of Europe within the summer of 1940, was undone even more rapidly in the last months of the war. Still more spectacular was the collapse of the sudden Japanese conquests in southeast Asia.

WHO can say confidently, even in Moscow, that Communist occupation of eastern Europe or, still more, the recent Communist advances across China, are any more likely to prove enduring? It would be attributing quite superhuman energies and skill to the group of men who hold the reins of power in Moscow, if we were to assume that they will prove equal to imposing the doctrine of atheistic Communism and the denial of essential human rights upon the vastly wider areas that they are now trying to bring into subjection.

Washington Lobbyist

The problems of the Japanese-Americans received little attention until "Messiah Mike" came along

by ALFRED STEINBERG

TWO years ago Mike Masaoka did not know beans about lobbying. Today he stands without peer among the thousands of lobbyists doing business in Washington. His record in the 80th Congress was monumental: five public and twelve private bills for his Japanese-American constituents.

Mike Masaoka practices a kind of personal lobbying that is entirely new. He can't promise votes or money. His success as a David among the Goliaths is bound to his maxim, "Sell yourself first and then sell your cause."

Point to his unbelievable record and Mike says with characteristic modesty, "Anyone can sell fair play and justice."

Mike is not ashamed of being a lobbyist. The way he sees it, there is an important place in a democracy for lobbying. It is physically impossible for a Congressman to acquaint himself with all the bills, yet he must vote on every one. If a Congressman votes without the facts, it is the fault of those interested in the legislation. Any person or organization with a case must be prepared to sell it, or Congressmen will hear only the opposition.

Passage of bills is a tedious proposition, dragging on sometimes from the early days of the session to the last hour. (One of Mike's bills did not come to a vote until a few minutes before the 80th Congress adjourned.) A bill may require a dozen or more rewritings. Often bills die in committee. Some that are reported out are never voted upon. And yet, prodded by Mike, the 80th Congress passed bills to provide the following: financial relief to 110,000 Japanese-Americans for losses suffered when they were evacuated from our West Coast by the Army in 1942; payment for fire damage in evacuation camps; permission for GI's to bring their Japanese brides to the United States; cancellation of deportation orders against deserving Japanese aliens; American citizenship for Japanese aliens who served honorably with our armed forces during the war. The

twelve private bills which Mike obtained for individual Japanese-Americans required almost as much effort as these more inclusive public bills.

Mike feels that his work has just begun. For one thing, a most important measure—a bill permitting his own mother and some 80,000 other long-resident Japanese aliens to become eligible for American citizenship—is not yet law. Introduced originally by Representative Walter H. Judd (Rep., Minn.), the bill provides: (1) an immigration quota for all peoples now excluded because of color or race, and (2) naturalization privileges for all persons denied citizenship because of racial origin.

In his work Mike feels that deep down he is the conscience of America; he typifies all minority groups in their struggle to win acceptance as equal partners in America. All of his life has pointed to his present career. The fourth eldest in a family of eight children, Mike was born in Fresno, California, in 1915. His parents came from Japan. A few years after he was born, his family moved to Salt Lake City. In 1924 his father, who peddled fish to mining and farm communities, was killed by a hit-and-run driver, leaving Mrs. Masaoka penniless.

HIS mother managed to keep her family together by running a fruit and fish stand near the State capitol. Many of Utah's chief politicians became her steady customers. As the years went by, Mike thus met several of the State's leaders. They fostered in him a deep interest in civic affairs. Today both the Mayor of Salt Lake City, Earl J. Glade and Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah feel personally responsible for Mike's success.

Working his way through the University of Utah by waiting on table, Mike still found time to become an exceptional student, public speaker, and debater. It was on a trip back to the West Coast after graduation that



Mike Masaoka at the Capitol

April, 1949

he realized for the first time the unhappy conditions under which most Japanese-Americans lived and worked. College graduates worked at menial jobs. Restrictive covenants created Little Tokyos. Influential newspapers directed propaganda against the Japanese-Americans, who, they said, were in cahoots with Japanese warlords.

Shocked, Mike realized that the problems of Japanese-Americans on the West Coast could not be solved without organization and direct representation. He became active in the Japanese-American Citizens League (almost invariably called the JACL), and sought to organize other Japanese-Americans under its banner. In 1940 he was elected Japanese-American of the year.

At the 1941 convention of the JACL in Monterey, California, Mike met Etsu Mineta, secretary of the San Jose chapter. When he returned to California he was interested to see how frequently she appeared at the meetings he attended.

On December 7, 1941, in a meeting hall in North Platte, Nebraska, Mike was urging a group of Japanese-Americans to band together and pledge loyalty to the United States when police entered, guns drawn. Pearl Harbor was already a fact, and this group was Japanese. Mike was hustled off to jail. Three days later, and only after Senators Thomas and Murdock of Utah burned up the wires to North Platte, did Mike get out.

The darkest moment of Mike's young life came in 1942, when the evacuation of all persons of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast was ordered. More than 110,000 persons were taken to prison camps inland. Etsu was sent to the Heart Mountain Relocation Center in northern Wyoming, and Mike's mother to Manzanar Camp near Death Valley. Two thirds of the evacuees were native-born American citizens.

MIKE went up and down the coast urging the evacuees to co-operate with the Army in the evacuation, even though he and other leaders of the JACL knew that their constitutional rights were being violated. He realized that because Japanese-Americans were identified with Japan in the hysteria of the moment, there would be bloodshed if they refused to obey the military order. Every group he talked with had misgivings. They nicknamed him "Moses" Masaoka because he wanted to lead his people out of their homes into the wilderness. And, when they found themselves in wretched camps behind barbed wire with little to keep them occupied, they blamed him personally

for their plight. Some camps hanged him in effigy, and one camp erected a Masaoka tombstone.

Mike was not evacuated. In return for urging their people to co-operate in the evacuation, several JACL leaders were given permission by Milton Eisenhower, then head of the War Relocation Authority, to stay out and do what they could to improve the lot of their people. Mike traveled to every part of the country, explaining the true loyalty of the evacuees and persuading church groups and others to urge their re-establishment as a going part of the nation. In the process, he was thrown into jail eight times and was often roughed up by police. Radio Tokyo broadcast that, as soon as Japanese troops landed in San Francisco, Mike would be the first American hanged.

In 1942 Mike went to Washington to ask that Japanese-Americans be permitted to leave their enclosures and volunteer for the Army. Not until January of 1943, however, were Japanese-Americans permitted to volunteer—and then only because Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy took up their case. The Japanese-American



Mike married Etsu Mineta before going into the Army

442nd Regimental Combat Team was activated as a unit in Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Mike was the first continental volunteer.

When the 442nd originally went into action in Italy, it had a complement of three thousand men. After four months in the lines, its casualty rate was over 300 per cent. It became one of the most decorated outfits in U. S. military history. Its men won more than nine thousand combat medals. No other

outfit could compete with its low records of AWOL and guardhouse cases. General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell best summarized the war record of the Japanese-Americans: "They bought an awful big hunk of America with their blood."

From her bleak prison camp, Mike's mother advised her sons to volunteer "because this is my country." Five of the six Masaoka boys saw combat in Italy and France. All were wounded; one was killed.

Mike married Etsu just before going into the Army. They had planned to marry in her camp, but the War Relocation Authority saw trouble if Mike came to Heart Mountain. She was released from the camp to go to Salt Lake City for the ceremony.

WHEN the war ended and Mike was mustered out, he knew his job had just began. The Japanese-Americans had dropped their resentment against him when he turned down a soft commission to become an enlisted man. Later the feeling had become general that co-operation in the evacuation had been wise. During the shooting he had been probably the only U.S. enlisted man who was considered by his comrades as too valuable to go on hazardous volunteer missions. "Don't go, Mike," his buddies of the 442nd would say while they were on the French and Italian fronts. "This is on us. You've got to get back and finish what we're trying to do here."

Some time before the 80th Congress went into session, in January 1947, Mike and Etsu moved from the Salt Lake City headquarters of the Japanese-American Citizens League to Washington. They opened an office—telephone, typewriter, and filing cabinet—in the front half of their two-room apartment. Then they walked over to the Clerk of the House of Representatives and the Secretary of the Senate and gingerly registered as lobbyists. The JACL had decided that writing letters to Congressmen and sending petitions to the President was not enough. Mike's job was to convince a majority of the 435 Representatives and 96 Senators that his proposals were worthy of passage at a time when the international scene was cloudy, and inflation, housing, and labor problems loomed large at home.

His most important assignment was to remove the racial discrimination still remaining in our immigration and naturalization laws. Mike's mother and Ginzo Nakada, for example—who had come to this country decades ago, and who between them had twelve sons in the Army—were ineligible to become U. S. citizens. Mrs. Nawa Munemori,

mother of Sadao Munemori, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, was not only unable to become a citizen but was unable to receive a California old-age pension because of her alien status.

Many of the evacuees from the West Coast were now destitute. The farms of some had been foreclosed while they were away. The Government had not stored their belongings as promised. Some had sold their property for practically nothing. Even a token restitution would be an admission by the Government that it had been wrong in questioning the loyalty of these people.

Under our immigration laws, Japanese aliens could not immigrate to the United States. GI's who married European girls could bring their wives home, but hundreds who had married Japanese girls were forced to leave them behind.

Then there was the matter of Japanese aliens who had served honorably during the war in the U. S. Army. After the first World War, Congress permitted all honorably discharged veterans who were aliens to become naturalized citizens. The Supreme Court later ruled that the act did not apply to Japanese aliens.

About two thousand Japanese aliens were awaiting deportation because their temporary visas had run out. Many had worked for OSS, OWI, or the War Department. They had drawn most of the maps by which our B-29's bombed Japan. Many had taught in our military language schools. Others had broadcast or monitored radio programs to and from Japan. By helping us they had committed treason to Japan. Deserving European aliens could have their deportations canceled; these Japanese aliens could not.

Such matters constituted Mike's "must" legislation. Usual lobbying procedures were useless. The people he represented had no means of exerting pressure. They lacked effective voting power, political influence, money. Mike looked about for a new approach. He read everything he could lay his hands on that pertained to the legislation he was interested in: textbooks, back newspapers, *The Congressional Record*, reports of Congressional committees. In a month he knew more about both sides of his proposals than anyone else in Washington.

His first line of attack was at the level of the sub committees. Few members saw Mike the first time he came. But he got to know the secretaries of the sub committeemen, and when they found he had something worthwhile to say they scheduled appointments for him. There were lucky breaks, like the

Cheated!

► The monks of Grande Chartreuse Monastery in France are very austere in their practice of discipline. If a monk suffers personal inconvenience during meals, for instance, he may not complain.

On one occasion, however, an old priest discovered a rat drowned in his jug of wine. He was extremely thirsty, but naturally he did not care to drink the wine.

For awhile he endured patiently. Then he had an inspiration. Attracting the attention of his superior, he said:

"Father, my brother here hasn't any rat in his jug of wine."

—Peter Flynn



time Mike's wound won him an audience with a Senator and started a firm friendship. The secretary had just turned down Mike's request for an interview when the Senator shouted from his inner sanctum: "Wait a minute. Mike's an Irish name."

"Yes, sir," Masaoka replied quickly. "I'm part Irish—at least I have Irish blood in me."

The Senator's eyebrows climbed, and Mike hurried to explain. "When the Germans shot me up overseas, I got a transfusion at an aid station. An Irishman from Boston gave me his blood."

THE Senator laughed and invited Mike into his office. When the pair emerged an hour later, the Senator had his arm around Mike's shoulders and was saying: "Now don't worry, son. We'll do everything possible to help your people."

Mike soon learned that the concept of "good" and "bad" Congressmen was fictitious. They were instead informed, uninformed, or misinformed. Once, when he discussed the forced evacuation from the West Coast in 1942, a man who had been in Congress for ten years shouted, "Preposterous! That would have been unconstitutional!" Other Congressmen were surprised to learn about the existence of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team.

Mike drafted some of his bills himself. When he had them on paper, his next job was to find sponsors for them. He checked the records for Congressmen who would be interested in his legislation, who would have prestige with their colleagues, and who would have the time necessary to promote the legislation. It was a matter of selling himself to the man and then his cause.

While he was busy with sub committeemen and sponsors, Mike was also

selling himself and his cause to church, veteran, and other groups. Their leaders were his witnesses at hearings and the conscience of Congressmen who belonged to their organizations.

At hearings Mike was his own best witness. His speeches were gems of clarity, logic, and delivery. Many Congressmen affirmed that they dropped their last lingering opposition after listening to him.

Letters to Mike from Japanese aliens who had lived as long as forty years in this country showed that state laws barred them from a great variety of jobs. Checking, Mike found more than five hundred such laws. In Minnesota they could not work as poultry inspectors; in Virginia, as junk dealers; in New York, as veterinarians; in Oklahoma, as embalmers; in Illinois, as plumbers; in Nebraska, as physicians. Many state laws permitted those with first citizenship papers to work at some of these restricted jobs, but the Justice Department customarily refused to issue first papers to Japanese aliens because they could not later become citizens.

Here again, Mike decided on personal lobbying. He went to Ugo Carusi, then Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization. Among the data he presented was the information that 442nd had liberated Carusi's home town of Carrara, Italy. It was not long before Japanese aliens were permitted to take out first citizenship papers.

Though the JACL, supported by contributions, pays him less than \$5000 a year, Mike has turned down as much as \$1000 a month just to advise other groups.

To his supporters he is known as "Messiah" Masaoka. No matter how much he protests that he cannot promise success, they scoff at him. And no wonder!

NOW Holt was on the sun-dazzled Louisiana highway, headed for Leopoldville, the wheels of the car sizzling as he drove, alone with relentless mirages of Mary Lou. His head ached, his eyes smarted, his shirt was soaked, and prickly heat blazed on his neck and about a mouth salty with running sweat. This hellish humidity, something within him roared, was fitting for final despair. He angrily ground the accelerator against the floorboard, knowing that Mary Lou had fled him forever. If, at that heat and speed, a tire exploded and that was death, why care, what was there to live on for? As the car shot through frowzy, stunted towns, and white men, shielding their eyes, stared from narrow sidewalks, Holt, suspecting he knew white men's thoughts, was sure some smiled, some were chagrined, that a man black as himself, a man black as velvet, was driving swiftly as a portent through their community. Negroes just didn't drive that way in this country with impunity, but did anything that might happen matter, Mary Lou being gone for keeps? He just had to get to Father Maguire's. To whom else, this ultimate sickening day, could he turn?

Rapidly as he drove, and for all the burning memories of Mary Lou and what she'd said and he'd said, Holt saw his history all around him, what

reveries of Mary Lou, evanescent, but always her sleepy, teasing eyes, her little teeth. What could he possibly expect Father Maguire to do about her? He didn't know, but he was driving there straight as a knife thrust, straight as a homing bird.

Holt kept telling himself he'd better rehearse what he'd say to the priest. He'd have to combat Father Maguire's overwhelming pride in him, not let it get in the way. For hadn't this white priest molded him? Like the Lord God in Genesis, hadn't the priest lifted him out of primordial slime, out of ragged, uneasy childhood, out of complicated fears of white folk? Out of widespread, hangdog slyness and double-talk to a confident mind, athletic fame, clothes tastefully tailored, and now an income? I've come a long way, he told himself, then realized that could apply to this long, three-hundred-mile drive, and, in most dubious fantasy, it struck him he was driving like a fiend, like a black bat beating back flames of agony and loss. He'd have to steer that conversation right with Father Maguire. The priest, always something of a wag, would kid him a little as usual about his good looks and smart clothes and relative opulence, and he'd have to be composed, would have to smile somehow for a few restless moments before plunging to the heart



the *Racist*

As cruel as any white man's
color line was the barrier which
Bill Holt raised against his own people

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

by TED LE BERTHON

he'd come up from to a peak of privilege, then sudden disillusionment, saw his people trudging the road, or mournful black blots on the porches of eyeless shacks sagging listlessly to decay. The endless cane plantations fanned by burned golden stubble in summer, the stagnant, scummy bayous, red barns, silos, cows, and mules, but always shacks except for the occasional massive white colonial mansion of the favored race, wide lawns, fat glossy magnolia leaves and creamy blossoms, and all the sights and scents and sounds of southeastern Louisiana, even to drifting hawks and buzzards foully hunched on telegraph wires. Then heat waves would dance dizzily off eye-aching windows, and he would slip off to hurtful

of the visit. Of course, nothing, absolutely nothing, might come of seeing this priest who had put him through college. Father Maguire, he feared, had never been one for letting a fellow stay long on the theme of the blues. Viciously, Holt blinked sweat from his eyes, tasting it on his lips. If he could just stop that queasy, cold contraction in his stomach.

He knew he was now in Leopoldville, but how he got to the rectory he would never know. He would never remember making even one turn among the several in the old town of his childhood to arrive in the weedy, rutted part of town, where the colored live. But there was the priest's house, the same old corrosive, slapdash green

with the faded white trim and the awry picket fence bulging with devil grass, the same old time-fouled, moss-infested hemlock, and then Holt thought he was going to have a sunstroke as for a giddy moment he seemed to see figures of Mary Lou multiplied in the rose garden and along the broken walk. He somehow got inside.

The rectory was cool, an alarm clock was ticking, and then into the dim, cramped reception room bloomed big, fat Father Maguire, and he was bruising, almost crushing, Holt's fingers in enthusiastic welcome. His eyes were feasting affectionately on handsome, dressy Bill Holt, the masterpiece he had formed from the desolate earth of backward Leopoldville. Father wasn't in his



He drove alone with relentless mirages of Mary Lou

dericals but in whopping dungarees and sweat-blobbed T-shirt, which, Holt knew, meant that he was right at home with you, that you weren't an easily scandalized stuffed shirt.

"Been out playing softball with the kids," he chortled. "Bill! You're looking wonderful." Then, as often in the old days, Father Maguire wondered if the Lord hadn't given Holt too great a handicap in those great, amative, deerlike eyes, that sensitive, soot-black face, thin nose, thin lips. He wondered if Holt was vain as ever.

"I've driven three hundred miles to see you, Father."

That didn't seem to bowl the ruddy, sweaty priest over.

"Sit down," he said, "for the love of Mike."

Holt sat down, feeling he must get to the point. He was on the edge of his chair, but Father Maguire sprawled in his, cocking an eye at him wisely, appraising him leisurely, a quiet smile about his lips. Holt thought he looked like an enormous owl with a bush of graying hair and blackbirds' nests of eyebrows, and that he'd aged, softened, spread. Holt nervously awaited the

right opening as the priest relaxed with hands behind his huge head.

"Well, what brings handsome Bill Holt back home?"

The priest's grin died as he watched Holt's eyes.

"Bill Holt's beat, licked, Father, and that says it."

"No kidding, Bill? That bad?"

"Sure is. Mary Lou's left me."

Father Maguire thrust his face forward emphatically for full impact.

"She'll come back. I'm telling you, Bill."

"No, she won't, Father."

"Why?"

HOLT was afraid to come right out with it, no matter what his nerves were doing. It had to be put just the right way, to leave her without a leg to stand on. While he hesitated, it annoyed him that the priest was smiling again. Well, fair enough, he'd take the light, gay approach, even if it was as painful as dying, seeing that Father apparently didn't want to hear any sad-sack stuff.

"I guess you just married me to the wrong woman, and I mean the wrong

woman." Holt nodded his sable head with sad sagacity.

"I should have taken your advice to begin with. But you know what love is, Father. After all you'd done for me, I wouldn't listen to you when love came along. You had her number from the first time you ever laid eyes on her. But me, big fool, big know-it-all, it took me four years to find out what you knew all along." Holt spoke bitterly, self-accusingly, ringingly. "You didn't want to marry us, but I was pigheaded. Guess I had to learn the hard way."

"What happened, Bill?"

Father Maguire's eyes were cold, severe.

"Well, Father, just about everything. And there's no use you looking at me, Father, as if I've done something wrong. I've done everything a man could do for a woman. And now, I'm going to let you have it straight, Father. Mary Lou's just a shameless, bald-faced liar! Now you have it. When you gave her instructions, Father, on her marital obligations, she agreed that, although she was a Baptist, she'd bring up our children as Catholics. Didn't she? Of

course, you and I both knew she was just what you might call a nominal Baptist, that she really didn't believe in anything. But she was a fox. She just wouldn't have any children at all! And you know her reason?"

The priest's big, bushy head nodded sidewise.

"Well, I'll tell you! You know how light-skinned she is. Well, she said she wasn't going to bring any dark babies into the world, because they wouldn't have a chance. I said to her, 'Mary Lou, you're just a plain fool, look how dark I am, and I've made good.' Well, that just made her laugh. Here am I, at my age, sales manager for one of the biggest Negro insurance companies in the world, and she laughs at me. Oh, I didn't tell you that she'd gotten to singing in night clubs. Colored night clubs right in Birmingham. But her mother, who's as fair-skinned as she is, has been egging her on to go to New York, pass as white, sing in some high-grade places, and maybe wind up marrying some white man with a lot of money. Do you begin to get the picture, Father? May I add that she's already gone to New York and is living with a girl cousin, fair-skinned like herself, and that her cousin is married to a light-complexioned Negro, and that they're all *passing*?"

At a crescendo of expostulation, his hands flung wide like the Lord Himself supplicating, Holt was agleam with perspiration and wretchedness.

"Father," he blurted, "I want an annulment."

"Right now, Bill, how about having a coke?"

Holt, appalled, glared, wondering if the priest was being facetious. Father Maguire seemed smiling disdainfully as he stood up slowly, his big body seeming to weigh a ton.

"I'll be right back, Bill. Take it easy. It's almost too hot to think. Mrs. Gray—my same old, ageless housekeeper, poker-faced as ever—has gone shopping. So I can't just bellow back for the cokes. I don't know whether you or the softball has gotten me so tired. Anyhow, years may come and go in dear old Leopoldville, but there's always a refreshing coke on ice in the rectory of St. Benedict the Moor. So hold everything, Bill."

Holt heard the ice cubes plopping in the kitchen. Father brought back the cokes in tall glasses on a tray.

They each took a few sips.

"Bill, if I know my canon law, you're cooked."

"You mean, Father, that after Mary Lou didn't keep her word about anything, and, moreover, has deserted me, that the Church won't dissolve the

marriage? Do you call that a marriage? What's more, you've been trying to fight racism for years. Well, Mary Lou told me she was sick to death of being a Negro and getting kicked around when, after all, she's mostly white anyhow. She said she was getting out of the whole black world so quick it would make my head swim, that she knew a losing game when she saw one. Now, what does that make Mary Lou? It makes her a racist, as bad as any white Southerner ever could be. And, what's more, she's going to get a divorce charging mental cruelty, and I'm not going to contest it, because, like she says, a man's a heel to hold a woman who doesn't love him. Now, how does all that strike you, Father?"

PERSPIRATION was darkening the huge priest's T-shirt. Without looking away from Holt, he dipped a hand into a desk drawer and brought up a box of cigars.

"Smoke, Bill?"

"Scarcely feel like anything right now."

"Will you stay for dinner?"

"Well, I guess, well, all right."

"I heard Mrs. Gray coming in. I'll go back and tell her to set another place."

Holt was mopping his face as the priest sat down again.

"I think this is the most infernal heat on earth, Bill. Sometimes I wonder why anyone lives in the South. But, to get down to cases, you ought to know there's nothing I can do. You know the score. After all, you went through St. Francis University. There are white people down here in this benighted

country who think that, because it's a university for Negroes, there's an easier sort of Catholicism taught, as if Negroes couldn't be expected to take so hard a religion. But the Church isn't a snob, even if she has to conform down here to civil laws and run separate educational institutions for the races. What I'm driving at, Bill, is that you know what the Sacrament of Matrimony is. It wasn't just a civil contract with Mary Lou. You promised Our Lord to love her until death, and that means she's your wife wherever she is, even if she civilly marries someone else. As long as she's alive, you can't enter into the Sacrament of Matrimony with anyone else. Now, what do you say about getting washed up for dinner? It's almost time to eat."

Tall, handsome Bill Holt was like a somnambulist as he walked up creaking stairs to the bathroom.

At dinner, he was incommunicative and ate little. After a couple of attempts to get him to eat, Father Maguire was off on another tack, one reminiscent. He recalled the time Holt ran eighty-five yards for a touchdown against Florida A. & M. to win the game on the last play in the last quarter. He recalled how one of the sports writers on a national Negro newspaper had acclaimed him the fleetest halfback in the history of Negro college football. Inwardly, Holt was raging against this inept attempt to buoy him up. He would look at the priest blankly.

"I suppose, Bill, you'll be seeing your folks while you're in Leopoldville."

"Think I'll just drive back without seeing them. They don't know I'm here. I don't feel like seeing anyone."

"You haven't eaten much, Bill, but, if you're through, suppose we go out on the porch for awhile and see what we can figure out."

It was the hour of twilight, the still hour, when they went outside and sat on the porch steps. There were no chairs on the porch, as if chairs were feminine.

Of a sudden Holt was weeping, rather loudly, embarrassingly. Finally, he turned a tearful, bitter face toward the priest.

"It doesn't seem fair, Father. Mary Lou can remarry. I can't. Father, I'm warning you, I'm not built for the lonely life. I'm a man. I'm normal. I want a wife and kids. A real Catholic family, Father, like you always used to preach about. I'm not sore at you, Father. I know all you've done for me. It was your letter even clinched me my job. Not because you're a white man, but because you're a priest. I know what I came out of in this awful, little town. I respect you for what you've



Squelched

► English actor Sir Henry Irving couldn't tolerate people who put on airs. One night at a dinner party, he was seated next to a wealthy snob who was trying his best to embarrass the actor. Knowing that Irving had never attended a university, the snob inquired in a loud voice:

"Were you ever at Oxford, old boy?"

"No," replied Irving evenly, "but my secretary was."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

tried to do for all my people. I know it's no soft life for you, a white priest with only Negro parishioners down in this country. I know what a lift you've given me, but the way I'm feeling now I think it's worse for a man to be lifted up high, then let crash, than if he'd never been lifted up. Where's my future? What'll I do with myself nights?"

It was darkening. Father Maguire didn't reply, because his thoughts had raced back to the talk around St. Francis University, about handsome Bill Holt, the talk that had so disappointed him in Bill, although he'd never let Bill know. When Bill was the football idol, he'd taken out one light-skinned girl after another, as if this were his special prerogative. There were numerous pretty, dark-skinned co-eds, but Bill had never had time for one of them.

It had been saddeningly transparent to most of the students and most of the faculty. Caustic and whimsical hints had been dropped to him, and he was nowhere near as popular as he dreamed except for the shining Saturdays when he played football. Big head, they confided to one another. One member of the faculty, knowing Father Maguire had gotten Bill Holt into the University through an athletic scholarship, had said Holt was an unconscionable racist without any awareness of the fact, he was that egocentric over his good looks, good clothes, football reputation. The priest pondered the irony of it. Holt was a worse racist than Mary Lou. After all, black as he was, she'd married him, even if she came to think better of it. Father Maguire chewed nervously on his cigar, now a fiery disc in the dark.

"Father, you didn't answer my question. I'm still young. How'll I spend my evenings?"

"Why not make a home with your parents? They're pretty old. They live pretty badly."

Holt sensed the oblique reproach. He never had done much for the folks.

"The folks and I live in different worlds, Father."

THE priest took a long puff at his cigar, then held it out. He wondered if Holt was strong enough to bear to see himself as others had seen him, as a racist, an unconscious, ego-blind racist. They had become but voices in the dark now, as if linked in the confessional, probing immemorial mysteries of the selfishness and solitude of man.

"If you could only bear the truth about yourself, Bill, it would set you free. You'd be ready for the first time



He saw his people on porches of eyeless shacks sagging to decay

to live. But the old Adam would have to die."

"What do you mean, Father? I don't get it."

"Bill, you've been an awful racist."

"Racist! Me?"

"Yes, Bill, you. You never took out a dark girl in your life. You even married a cute little Baptist, a neat little package without any brains, because she was the lightest of all. You never looked for character or depth in a girl. I'm sorry for you, Bill. But I'm only telling you what everyone at St. Francis University but yourself was on to. You're just the victim at long last of your own racism. I could have let you drive away tonight without telling you this, but I'm your friend, and a real friend will never yes you, Bill. You're hanging on a cross of your own fashioning. Getting the truth through your head will be your resurrection. You can put in your evenings helping sick and needy black people, including your own folks. I'm sorry, Bill, but I think that answers your question."

Holt, trembling fiercely, stood up in the dark and made a deprecatory gesture toward the priest. So this was the revelation he'd driven three hundred miles to hear! His face burned; he felt a murderous anger, as if the whole uni-

verse had turned to rend him and he was in some final corner. Scarcely able to keep his feet, he began heading down the path toward his car.

"Bill!" Father Maguire called out. "You can't go that way."

Holt stopped at the gate, and the priest caught up with him and flung an arm about his shoulder.

"Nothing's changed between us, Bill. You and I could do lots of things together, now that you see. There's so much down here to be done for your people that none of us can afford to go on blindly."

Under high stars they walked to the car.

"Give me time to think," Holt mumbled and started the engine.

After the tail-light of the car vanished around the next turn, Father Maguire flipped his cigar butt into a ditch and walked slowly back up the path. On a chair inside the cramped, drab reception room he saw Holt's hat. Switching on a light and picking up his breviary, he resumed reading his Office, postponed early in the afternoon when he decided a little softball playing with the colored kids might help his concentration. But now he was finding it equally hard to focus, because of fervent hoping that Holt would return soon and fears that he had been too drastic. Outside, the frogs and crickets sang somehow more urgently than ever, as if there were something they simply had to tell to those with ears to hear.

TED LE BERTHON, former reporter, columnist, and editor, has contributed articles and stories to many secular and religious publications.

Black-robed Invaders of



**Père Jean,
chief rustler
of Communist sheep**

A handful of "parish monks" under a frail leader are winning whole communities of atheistic French workers from Marx to Christ

THE first time I saw Père Jean was at a funeral. I had entered the little church of *Notre Dame de la Joie*, Our Lady of Joy. A casket with the remains of a French war hero, just returned to his home town, was lying in state. A national flag covered the coffin. The family and representatives of local veterans organizations with their banners stood about. It was a moving, but rather usual, postwar ceremony.

Then Père Jean appeared. A humble monk, with a pale, emaciated face—like one from an El Greco painting—his was a personality to remember. He spoke of joy, joy even in the midst of bereavement. I was to find that joy is his personal weapon, joy in sacrifice, joy even in death.

Those that listened to Père Jean's short sermon were his parishioners, simple workers and inhabitants of a small labor community of nine thousand on the outskirts of Paris. *La Haye-Les-Roses*, The Hedge of Roses, it is called. And the name comes from the practice the workers' families have of cultivating roses as a sort of secondary profession. Situated as it is in the workers' suburb of Paris, near *La Porte d'Orleans*, it was a solidly Communist village only two years ago. Now it resembles a model community of first Christians.

Who accomplished this almost un-

win victories. No political party could accomplish this. But they do.

There is a sense of great spiritual romance filling the air around this pioneer work. It is a kind of courtship of human souls, and in its new expressions are found to explain religion and new ways are sought to build a bridge between God and those who have never heard of Him. This is the type of divine romance on which modern Christianity is building a new era of civilization in Europe today, something that Cardinal Suhard of Paris has called, "the new springtime of Christianity." In the midst of the darkness in which materialistic philosophy and the resulting decadence have plunged millions of Frenchmen, here and there young life is budding like roses amidst rubble, like the roses of *La Haye-Les-Roses*.

When Père Jean was appointed pastor of *La Haye-Les-Roses*, an average of forty people—and they were mostly old—were present at Sunday Mass. A priest was called "the black raven," a term of derision having reference to his black robe. It was a typical Red workers' section, full of venom and hate. The city council was 100 per cent Communist controlled.

This was nothing new to Père Jean. He had worked in Communist surroundings for many years of his life.

His sense of joy and exaltation of human personality had had a contaminating effect on many of his former foes. It was to produce miracles at *La Haye-Les-Roses*.

The life story of Père Jean is quite fascinating. When only twelve, he was attracted by the problem of bringing religion back to the Red workers' masses. Born in 1908 in Aveyron near Rocqufort, the place made famous for its cheese, he joined the Order of St. Benedict. This was in 1922, and in 1926 he took his final vows.

It was in 1934, while following his studies at the University of Paris, that he obtained his first baptism of fire from the Communists. It was then, too, that he developed his technique for disarming them: adopt the offensive. When attacked with stones by some young street boys, Père Jean did not run away. He went straight to them, asked some questions. When he left them, they were actually blushing for shame. They have been his close friends ever since.

HE was back at his monastery in 1937, and it was at this time he was entrusted with a near-by rural Communist parish in Bussières. He was treated as "the black raven," of course. So Père Jean went directly to the Communist headquarters and invited everybody who was not afraid of *le curé* to meet him. The insinuation of fear had its effect. The hall gradually filled to capacity. Then Père introduced himself and asked for an open discussion. "I am the black raven," he challenged. "I am even worse than a black raven. I am a monk. You can kill me if you want. In fact, according to your terms, I deserve it." But nothing of the kind happened.

The discussion continued for three and a half hours, and, under Père Jean's logic, the Communists had to admit the existence of God, of a human soul, and even of the right of people to some private property. The meeting ended

of Paris' Red Stronghold

by
ANTHONY B. ATAR

with a sermon delivered among glasses of wine and cigarette smoke. "The next day a group of people visited my house," Père Jean said to me, "and they kept on doing so. A theater group was formed, and young Communists insisted that the proceeds from the planned performance be used for—a pilgrimage to Lourdes."

PERE JEAN was accomplishing much when the war came and he was inducted into the navy as a sailor. Although soon promoted to lieutenant and placed in charge of Catholic Action for the whole French Mediterranean Fleet, he refused all the facilities that went with his commission. He asked to stay with his sailors. He chose the worst sleeping quarters available, a hammock at the bottom deck of the battleship, too short for his legs and thoroughly uncomfortable. It was his purpose to be the humblest of the humble. His virtue did not go unrecognized. After the French armistice in 1940 the sailors wanted to mutiny and burn the ships. The officers could not maintain order and in their helplessness pleaded with Père Jean to do something. The modest curé took the sailors ashore and talked to them. He explained the necessity of remaining quiet and orderly. "If you say so," they answered, "we will." No mutiny took place, and the modest Père Jean had saved the entire garrison of Oran.

In 1946, after a long period of sickness and of secluded life in the monastery, Père Jean asked to be sent back to the "front lines." Together with a group of friends, he formed a new branch of the Benedictines, "The Benedictines of the Parishes." This new branch is now awaiting formal recognition by the Holy See.

The two dominating personalities in this new movement are Père Jean and his closest collaborator, Dom Edmond Bernardet. These two priests are entirely different types, but one seems to complement the other. Père Jean is rather inconspicuous in appearance. Thin and pale in his monk's robes, he looks more like a modest student of theology than a fighting apostle. His fiery personality appears only when he begins to speak.

Then the resplendent sense of joy that permeates his whole being immediately affects all his listeners.

I have often told him that he is very American in his constant drive for success. He countered that the full use of our faculties is the best homage that we can offer to God. "Christians must be best in everything since they possess the truth," he said. "The idea of heaven should give us the strength to improve our condition on this earth; to use our talents to the best of our ability." Behind the naive smile of Père Jean is a wisdom that is not of this world. The opposite of an escapist, he is always on the attack and his principal weapon is the joy of life. With this technique no one, not even the Marxist dialecticians, can resist him. He always wins.

His companion, Dom Bernardet, is a tall, handsome man of soldierly stature. A former professor and writer, he is well known in French literary and political life. Père Jean calls him the "foreign secretary" of the parish. He is in charge



Dom Edmond, "foreign secretary" of Père Jean's parish

of the youth and cultural activities and has the responsibility of raising sufficient funds.

As soon as the Benedictines moved into *La Haye-Les-Roses*, Père Jean launched an offensive. A leaflet containing questions and answers on religion and also an explanation of the goals of the newly arrived monks was placed in every mail box in the village. Then the few remaining true Catholic families were asked to invite their non-Catholic friends and acquaintances to an informal gathering. Père Jean and his companion spoke with them, and in this way the "black ravens" were introduced as human beings.

But the real offensive started through the theater. On the model of medieval mystery shows, presentation of certain parts of the Gospels was given in Church and everyone was invited to attend. The Sanctuary was, of course, covered with a heavy veil during the performance. What impressed the people most of all was that the loud speaker van, used until then only by the Communists, was hired by the monks. Excited by the novelty of the idea and the publicity, crowds turned out, many of them Communists with hats on and cigarettes between their lips. At the end of the show, however, hats were removed, cigarettes dropped, and everybody, Communist and non-Communist, joined in common prayer. This was the first success.

THE theater played an important part in the conversion of *La Haye-Les-Roses*. The next show given was entitled "What Christ condemns in religion." Various examples of hypocrisy, self-deceit, and Pharisaism were presented to the audience. To their great stupefaction most nonbelievers realized that the very things that they disliked in religion were condemned by Christ Himself. After this performance, many people came to see the monks. Many were baptized and many reconciled.

A special all-out attack was launched during the Christmas season. Père Jean decided that it was now time to go out on the streets and "invade" the town. A choral group was formed. Costumes were supplied by Dom Bernardet's the-

atrical friends, and boys and girls carrying lighted Christmas stars sang carols on the streets. The next week, they visited the sick and sang carols for them. On Christmas Eve the celebration reached its highest pitch of excitement, climaxed by the Midnight Mass. Crowds were so tremendous, Père Jean told me, that the Church could not hold the people. Hundreds went to Communion. This was a night of triumph for Père Jean and Dom Bernardet. God had won.

The Communists ridiculed these celebrations and attacked the priests in the local newspapers as subversive characters. As usual Père Jean went straight to their headquarters to see his enemies personally. This time victory was easy, since the population was on the side of the monks. The Communists were accused of slander and were warned to leave "our priests" alone.

The basic goal which Père Jean and his companions pursued from the very first day of their arrival at *La Haye-Les-Roses* was to form a model Christian community in the parish. The inner circle, as Père Jean explained to me, are the monks themselves, about twenty of them. They follow the most rigid rules of the order and are an example to all. The next circle are the truly Christian families, a small nucleus at the time of the priests' arrival but which have now gradually expanded. From these a great deal is demanded. They must be first in charity and perfect examples for their children. Finally, the third outside circle are the sympathizers, people who have ceased to think of the priests as "black ravens" but who have not yet reached the stage of full participation in parish life. Thus, from the inner circle, the spirit and work expands to ever widening circles, like rays of the sun reaching an increasing radius of human souls.

The parishioners are taught to understand the meaning of the Holy Mass and to participate in the liturgy. The main altar is in the middle of the Church, so that everybody can watch the Holy Sacrifice from a short distance. During Mass there is always another priest saying the prayers aloud in French, and the congregation responds. There is a genuine community spirit both in joy and in suffering. A success or sorrow of someone in the parish is mentioned in the pulpit with greetings or expression of sympathy by the priest. Religion is not presented as a formality, a matter of habit, but as a way of life.

This principle is inculcated from childhood. The first demand made on the parishioners is to practice charity. The priests lead the way in this, and their doors are open to all, Christian

and Communist alike. As Dom Bernardet told me, "after all, one is pastor of all the people in the parish"! When someone is out of work the priest tries to find him a job. If someone is arrested, Dom Bernardet is soon at the jail to plead his cause. No person passes the priest on the street without a cordial exchange of greetings.

No favoritism is tolerated. Rich or poor pay the same small fee for marriages or funerals and get the same type of ceremony. And, above all, no ceremonies are performed until the participants understand their meaning. The christening of a child does not take place until the godparents prove that they understand their duty of caring for the child's Christian education. Similarly, a young couple applying for marriage are asked whether they understand the meaning and obligations of Christian marriage. "If you come here be-

TOGETHER

by PAUL STAUDER, S.J.

*Who walks alone
Must fight alone,
And all his battles
Are his own.*

*He gathers strength
Who walks with others —
Adds to his own
That of his brothers.*

*Who walks with Me
Has strength divine,
He has his brothers',
His own, and Mine!*

cause you like music or because you think it proper to be married in church," says Père Jean, "then you had better go to the mayor to be married and then go to the opera where the music is better than in our church. God cannot be tricked. You cannot enter His community without knowing what you are doing. That would be a sacrilege. In this way sacraments and religious ceremonies acquire real value," adds Père Jean, "and cease to be matters of habit as is so common with many French people."

The other fundamental principle is complete truth and honesty. And here we encounter one of the most fascinating methods of Père Jean. In teaching his people to practice truthfulness and sincerity, he applies the many rules of Christian psychoanalysis which he learned as a result of a nervous breakdown. The method is that of the well-known professor, Dr. Wittoz of Lausanne, Switzerland, a former pupil of Freud who deserted his master and founded a school of Christian psycho-

analysis. In opposition to Freud, Doctor Wittoz believes in building up moral resistance and character in his patients first of all. Only after this has been accomplished does he proceed with the analysis of the complexes. "Freud's method is bad," insists Père Jean, "because it begins with an analysis and makes the patient concentrate on his weaknesses. As a result of this, the patient becomes weaker and more helpless and completely at the mercy of the doctor. This is not Christian," says Père Jean. "What is Christian is to help the weak person to develop his character and personality. This is both the duty of the doctor and the priest. Our insistence on complete honesty and sincerity, our public admissions of guilt, and mutual correction help the people to have courage and rid themselves of many harmful complexes."

La Haye-Les-Roses is a different place as a result of the two years of hard work by Père Jean and his companions. The people have acquired pride in their professions. They cease to grumble, and bitterness has vanished. The church is filled on Sundays, with boys and girls predominating. This is the new generation of France that the monks are bringing up in Christian joy and love of God.

The parish is rapidly expanding its activities and is looked upon as the center of Christian cultural life by the neighboring communities. On Corpus Christi, for example, an outdoor show was staged presenting "The Mystery of Bread." In this play, written especially by Mr. Blanchard, a theater director from Paris and friend of Dom Bernardet, the parallel between bread of the soul and bread of the body was symbolized. Over one hundred actors, including many professionals, were in the cast. Genuine old costumes were used, and the play had a character of high theatrical quality. Eight of the surrounding parishes participated, and nearly eight thousand persons attended.

Père Jean has many new projects in mind; each of them planned to bring the Christian mysteries and the Catholic liturgy to the Red workers in the suburbs of Paris in the most attractive and impressive way possible. According to Père Jean's theory, the monks and their disciples must, as good Christians, be first in everything so that, by their strong faith in life hereafter, they can make life here on earth ever richer. This is real wealth; this is real joy and progress. And that is why *La Haye-Les-Roses* is the gayest place I saw in France and the most promising experiment that makes one believe in the approach of a victorious era. It augurs a new springtime for Christendom.

The Challenge of the Chief

They thought he was through, but Herbert Hoover has produced a "report" which is one of the great government documents of our time

by JOHN O'CONNOR

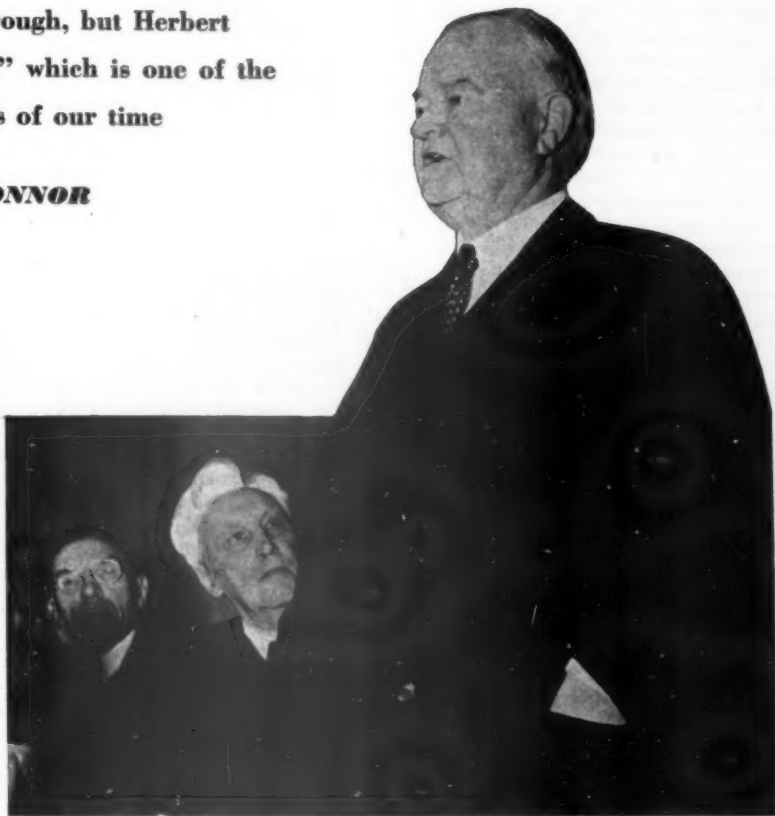
IN 1776 a groping people were inspired by the Declaration of Independence. In 1863 they were strengthened by the Emancipation Proclamation. And in 1949 the United States, puzzled, uncertain of its reserves, its strength, and the future, is aided by yet another document. An infant two years previous, it is known as "The Hoover Report," or to be exact "The Report of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government."

The cry for a reorganization of the government is an old one. It has had many auditors and many allies in the past sixty years. True government career men as well as impatient and intolerant stamp purchasers in postal substations have wished for a streamlining of the operations of a government that should be representative of the most efficient and up-to-date nation in the world.

It was partly because of this fact that the Hoover "task forces," with the co-operation of both the White House and the legislative branches of the government, began to chip away the cruets of generations of inefficiency. The only comparable work in the same field was the famed reorganization of the government of New York State by Alfred E. Smith over a generation past.

It all began about two years ago when the Congress passed the Lodge-Curran Bill, setting up a Commission for the Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government.

"It was a historic occasion," one highly placed member of the Commission told this reporter. "Bear in mind: the bill was passed unanimously in both branches of Congress. It was, in addition, the first time that Congress had ever given full authority to search for



Herbert Hoover, 73-year-old author of the Hoover Report

an over-all solution to the problem of government reorganization. Six on the Commission were Democrats, six Republicans. Half of the men were from government positions, half from key positions in industry, management, or accounting. Of those in government, two came from the House, two from the Senate, and two from the Executive branch."

Thorough, definite, clear, fast in decision, the men selected to work with the former Chief Executive were men of proven records in the field of management, of government, and of social and industrial engineering. There has been no parallel in our history where there has been such a breadth of authority and instruction for so thorough an examination. For one there was Joseph P. Kennedy, long known for his work on the Securities Exchange Commission,

the Maritime Commission, and erstwhile Ambassador to Great Britain; also men such as Professor James Kerr Pollock of the University of Michigan, James Forrestal, Dean Acheson, and others.

Yet, in all deference to their names, positions, and records, these men were merely the scrub team. The varsity was the three-hundred American experts who did an American job when they cut through the jungle of red tape that is the protective environment of the bureaucrat.

Crack industrial engineers set their microscopes on the innumerable bureaus of the government—and enumerated them! Established accountants from firms of world-wide fame began the tedious job of trying to make order out of chaos. Famed purchasing agents for major corporations, internationally

known civic planning authorities such as Robert E. Moses of New York, were some of the top operating chairmen whose sole aim was to bring more efficient, less costly, and more traditional government back to the United States. The less the drain on the purchasing power of the taxpayers' money, the more to be retained by the individual and the more to be spent in the consumer's market. It is that simple. It is also a complex end to achieve.

The qualified and sincere Americans who have helped to compile the two-million word report, which has been broken into sections with great care and edited by the former chief executive, will meet opposition. Most of it will come from what the only living ex-president described to this reporter as "vested jurisdictions," those petty reserves of small bureaucrats, overloaded with the unnecessary and staffed with the unqualified.

Examinations rather than probes, recommendations resulting from rounded reports, all these have been flowing across the nation toward the Hoover apartment in New York or 1626 K Street in Washington, where most of the work was done. "The Chief" as many of his associates call him, reads them all with the thoroughness of an examiner of doctoral candidates—and with probably a higher mortality of rejections. (There was one particular report which had been carefully worked upon for months. The chairman was not satisfied with it. After editing, only 2,500 of the 25,000 words originally submitted remained! The report was then returned for revision.)

Despite his seventy-three years, the Chief set a pace that would have shamed Winston Churchill, that other septuagenarian, distinguished more for prose and the dramatic than for the highly specialized work of which Herbert Hoover is capable. There were many days when he spent as many as sixteen to eighteen hours on this task. Week in and week out, to the despair of his personal friends and the silent awe and grudging admiration of his old opponents, Herbert Hoover drove himself and his staffs as have few men in the history of this driving nation.

It was not a harried or frenzied drive. It was a definite, clear set of moves that had to be completed for the benefit of the nation and as an insurance of the future. Very often his devoted and long-time secretary, Bernice Miller, would arrive in the morning to find that the Chief had put in as much as four hours work before breakfast!

To the great and increasingly obvious discomfiture of many, the Hoover Report has considered the reorganization

Scourging at the Pillar

By LOUIS J. SANKER

*Caught in the mesh,
Flesh of thy flesh,
Bone of thy bone,
Stretched on a stone;
Love was betrayed,
When avarice sold Him.
Mother of Sorrows,
Come and behold Him.*

*Blood of thy blood,
Milk of thy breast,
Ruddy the flood
From the Dove of thy nest;
Manacles hold,
Men-at-arms rend Him.
Mother of Sorrows,
Come and behold Him.*

*Babe of thy womb,
Son of thy God,
Burdened by doom,
Flayed by a rod;
Pharisees mock,
Blaspheming before Him.
Mother of Sorrows,
Come and adore Him.*

of the American Government from three points of view: a) the necessity of the given functions of government; b) the exploration of the most advantageous structure of arrangement of these functions; and, c) the improvement of its management.

When you read that a carload of carbon copies of correspondence arrives in Washington each day, you have some idea of the bulk transferred for aimless sorting and unmeaning filing, for it has been discovered that 95 per cent is of little value to the national archives.

AWARE of the facts of paper work from his own experience in less pressing days at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Hoover has tried, along with one of his task forces, to achieve some simple operations in the field of executive activities which would place less burden upon the Chief Executive and less burden upon the people who have to pay for it all.

For instance, the task force which dealt with government spending on clerical things discovered that the space now assigned to the maintenance of records amounts to eighteen million square feet, or about the equivalent of six buildings the size of the Pentagon. It costs us twenty million dollars to rent the space on which to store these records. The filing equipment alone costs in excess of \$154,000,000.

In the task-force report supervised by famed Russell Forbes, New York City Commissioner of Purchase, the noted industrial engineer reported that, in

over half of the three million purchase orders issued by civilian agencies, the cost of the paper work necessary to handle the order exceeded the cost of the items purchased! And the purchases in this category were all for less than \$10!

These are merely the slightest inklings of what is to be found on close examination when the Commission finally prints the entire record of wasted time and wasted effort in the mere acts of supplying necessities and effecting office routine. A private firm could never stay in business if it chose to operate on the principles which are being applied to the operation of the United States Government.

Such is the confusion that Sidney Mitchell, one of Mr. Hoover's chief assistants and executive directors, emphasized to the writer the single idea that one of the main functions of the Commission was to define the functions of government within the framework provided for by the existing laws and the Constitution.

"Ours has, in part, turned out to be a function of definition," he told me, "long needed and long neglected."

In the words of the Commission, the task was to:

1. Limit expenditures to the lowest amount consistent with the efficient performance of essential services, activities, and functions;
2. Eliminate duplication and overlapping of services, activities, and functions;
3. Consolidate the services, activities, and functions of a similar nature;
4. Abolish activities, services, and functions not necessary to the efficient conduct of government; and,
5. Define and limit the executive functions, services, and activities.

The demand for definition has been growing since 1880. Bureau has been lined up with bureau, board on top of board, and agency around agency until the areas of jurisdiction and the realm of authority have become inextricably confused. One example is to be found in the Department of Agriculture.

A short time before this went to press, the task-force report dealing with that division of the executive branch of the Government revealed that the Department of Agriculture now has twenty different offices reporting to the Secretary of Agriculture "... causing an unnecessary diffusion of authority." It is described as "... a loose confederation of independent bureaus and agencies," many of which have dropped their advisory functions and have assumed administrative functions, which is quite out of the scope of their power. In effect, the Department of Agriculture

is potentially the largest single political machine on earth. Perhaps that is what the Commission had in mind when it recommended in one small, dynamite-packed paragraph that:

"Conservation payments to a farmer should be restricted to those which will bring about the adoption of complete and balanced conservation programs on his farm, and they should not be used as income supplements in disguise. When the conservation plan on any farm has been completed, such payments to the owner should be stopped."

SOME of the farmers, some of the Agriculture Department employees, and some elected officials of an area might not care for this recommendation, but the Hoover estimate that over \$100,000,000 can be saved through achieving simplicity and abolishing chicanery has a sweet sound to the ear of the taxpayer. And the task force, composed of agriculture experts from all walks of life, concludes by hinting that even greater savings can be effected for the 1951 budget.

It is obvious that the work of over three hundred experts is going to meet opposition of all sorts, that many recommendations are going to be assailed, that what Herbert Hoover has described prophetically as "grasshopper bites" will begin.

A little over seven weeks ago Comptroller General Lindsay Warren, working with that perpetual enemy of bureaucracy, Senator Harry Flood Byrd, pointed up the value of the Hoover Report when he reported that we have: Sixty-five agencies gathering statistics; twenty-nine agencies lending government funds; three different bureaus insuring deposits and loans; thirty-four agencies dealing with the Federal acquisition of land; sixteen agencies dealing with the preservation of wild life; ten agencies—with priorities—dealing with government construction; twelve bureaus or agencies dealing with home or community planning; nine different groups dealing with credit and finance; twenty-eight handling welfare; and fourteen touching on forestry.

The trouble lies not alone in the number of agencies but in the internal works of the agencies themselves. The line of command and supervision from the President down through his department heads to every employee, and the line of responsibility from each employee of the executive branch up to the President has been weakened, or actually broken, in many places and many ways.

The line of authority or of responsibility exists in constitutional theory, perhaps, but actually it has been cov-

ered over by mounds of encroaching administrative practices, by political pressures—as we shall see—and by increasingly detailed provisions. As a matter of fact, some statutory powers often have been invested in subordinate officers in such a way as to deny authority to the President or to a department head. Let us cite two examples:

One of the most desirable gasses in the world is helium, rare, noninflammable, and the key gas to lighter-than-airship efficiency. It is obtained in Texas and nowhere else in the world. Yet the statute governing the sale of helium to a foreign nation gives the authority to control such sales to the Secretary of the Interior—regardless of the opinion of the President in the matter.

The second example is on a lower level and is a little more involved. The Corps of Engineers of the United States Army has a familiar statutory duty of preparing river-development plans. But the Secretary of the Army has absolutely no responsibility for the selection of the projects to be worked on by the men under him.

Nor do the engineers consult with any other departments with any degree of efficiency. And, as a proof of the economic pressure that is already being brought to bear on one small section of the Hoover Report, one has only to

► COMMUNIST: One who sneezes every time Stalin takes snuff.
—TUAM HERALD

contemplate the fact that thousands of telegrams and letters from contractors and private power companies in nearly every state in the union poured in on Chairman John L. McClellan of the Senate Executive Expenditures Committee, urging that the Civil Works Division of the Army Corps of Engineers be exempted from the Reorganization Bill! In 1949, you see, the corps is spending more than half a billion dollars through private contractors for flood control, navigation, and the improvement of harbors.

By far the largest or the most numerous grasshopper bites may be taken by the Veterans Administration. Already committed to the spending of seven billion dollars, the VA was asked by President Truman to scale its demands downward. It had demanded sixteen-thousand more hospital beds than it needed. It had asked for twenty-four hospitals it did not need. It had requested that wings be added to fourteen additional hospitals. These were not allowed, much in the spirit of the Hoover recommendations to come.

The medical task force discovered

that voluntary hospitals were constructed at a cost of approximately \$16,000 to \$20,000 per bed. Government hospitals of one sort or another cost from \$25,000 to \$31,000—and in one case \$50,000—per bed. And, bear in mind, some private hospitals have had to close wings because of a shortage of help, while the government hospitals are running at far less than capacity but are fully staffed!

The medical task force discovered that the Army nearly built a \$32,000,000 hospital across the road from a Navy hospital that had cost \$27,000,000—and was operating at 15 per cent of capacity. It discovered that the major hospital in Hawaii is sufficient for the needs of the entire Pacific Theater, but the Army is planning another institution to match the Navy's. It discovered one 150-bed hospital that has averaged two patients per day since 1947! It discovered another prominent eastern Army hospital where 50 per cent of the work in the last year has been obstetrical!

Nor does the abuse end there. Government employees spend far more time in government hospitals after such simple things as appendectomies, sometimes staying four times as long as private patients remain in a voluntary general hospital.

Despite the spotlighting of waste, the Hoover Report has not been a flaw-finding group. In every case it has handed in a complete plan for the overhaul of the function examined. It has urged the reduction of personnel, but it has also insisted on much higher wages to attract better personnel.

But the lobbyists are at work. The "vested jurisdictions" of bureaucracy are trying to prove that the Hoover Report is good in spots but shouldn't be applied to their own particular grazing ground. They speak darkly of bread lines and hint of terrible things to come.

CERTAINLY the people as a whole will be for it, as it means a return to a cleanly operated, honestly maintained government. It means an increase in the buying power of the taxpayer's earnings, since less will be taxed. It means that we can face the future more readily, be the crisis domestic or international.

But the Report will gather dust and be a monument to the triumph of bureaucracy if the people and the press fail to use it as a guide and a weapon. Herbert Hoover has emerged as a great American in this historical effort. It is up to the people to sustain their great servant's work if they would remain free.

About this time of year we think you might like to take an advance look at some of the rookies who may be breaking into the major league box-scores this coming season. There's an old axiom in baseball that you can't stand still, and if seven other teams in each league are going to keep the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Braves from meeting in the World Series again it will have to be done to a great extent not by mirrors but by rookies. As a matter of fact, the two league champions are quite rookie conscious themselves this spring.

Cleveland Indians

We'll start off with the American League and the World's Champion Cleveland Indians. Given a good chance to make out well with them is outfielder Herman Charles Reich (rhymes with dike), who came up via last November's draft. He had a fine '48 record in Portland, a club with which he played the past nine years, with four out for service. Playing 187 games, Herm batted .323 and drove in a hundred runs. Extra basers included 19 homers and 38 two baggers. Reich, who attended Loyola College of Los Angeles for two years, is a hustler and has a fine throwing arm.

The Indians also will take a good look at infielder Fred Francis Marsh, purchased last September from Oklahoma City. For that club he played 115 games in 1948, batted .305, drove in 60 runs, and had 11 homers and 20 doubles. The regular Tribe infielders are getting along in years and Marsh, who plays second, third, and short, is labeled as a "can't miss" prospect by Scout Cy Slapnicka.

The Bosox

Pitching was the downfall of the Boston Red Sox last season, which is the reason Manager Joe McCarthy will be working hard with young Maurice J. McDermott, Jr. at the camp at Sarasota, Florida. The stringbean southpaw aroused considerable interest in spring training last year, enough in fact to be retained until after the season had opened. Returned to the Red Sox farm at Scranton, he appeared in 11 games and struck out no fewer than 115 men in 87 innings, though his won-lost record was three wins and six losses. His earned run average was a fine 2.07. Of Irish descent, McDermott is only twenty, stands three and a half inches over six feet, and has a great future according to most observers.

Highly thought of in the Red Sox scheme of things is first baseman Walter Dropo, who was one of the University of Connecticut's top athletes before being signed by the Sox in 1947. Sent

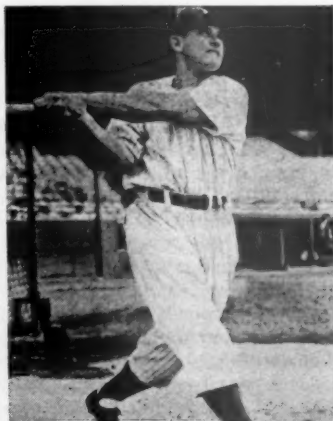
SPORTS...

to Louisville last year, he batted only .202 in 28 games, but when he was shifted to Birmingham he really caught fire, slamming the pill for a mark of .359 for 118 games and batting in 102 runs. He hit 14 homers during the season and 9 more during postseason play. Dropo is a six-foot, five-inch giant who turned down many pro football and basketball offers. If he makes good at first, Billy Goodman will be shifted to the outfield and the Red Sox will be tough to beat.

Yankee Newcomers

Best prospect among the New York Yankee newcomers is outfielder Eugene Richard Woodling, who is getting his second shot at the big time, the Yankees having purchased him from San Francisco last October. Gene played 61 games for Cleveland in 1946, was traded to Pittsburgh after that season, and then went to the Pacific Coast League team. For the Seals he had a big year in 1948, leading the circuit in batting with .385 and having most triples—13. He batted in 107 runs. At various times he has won the batting title of the Ohio State League, the Michigan State League, the Eastern League, and the Pacific Coast League. Next stop, the American League.

The Yankees will also take a good look at infielder Richard David Kryhoski, who has been in the Yank system since 1943. Last year he played first for Kansas City and batted a respectable .294, including 13 homers and 30 doubles. A Leonia, New Jersey youth, he bats and throws lefthanded.



Yankee newcomer Woodling

Philadelphia A's

Chief interest in the camp of the Philadelphia Athletics will center around Earle F. Brucker, Jr., son of the A's battery coach who was signed for a \$30,000 bonus. A left-handed hitting star backstop for San Diego State College, the past two years, Earle is a junior at the school and will continue his studies in the off season. A .344 hitter with Lincoln of the Western League in 12 games, he was sent to Savannah of the Sally circuit, where he batted .238 in 94, then was recalled by the Athletics. Six feet tall and 215 pounds, they say he has a great future but is probably a year or two away from the big time. The A's will also pay plenty of attention to infielder Tom O. Davis, who naturally answers to the name of Tod. He was drafted from Hollywood and is considered a good shortstop candidate. Anyway, he bears watching.

Detroit Tigers

For the Detroit Tigers, outfielder John Thomas Groth comes up from Buffalo tagged as one of the hottest outfield prospects the league has had in years. A native of Chicago, he led the International League in hits, runs, doubles, triples, and total bases. Also had 30 homers and drove in 97 runs. A right-handed hitter and a fine fielder, he is slated to take over the Tigers' center fielding this season. Also pitcher Lou Kretlow will be getting another chance on the basis of a fine year with Williamsport of the Eastern League. With that club in 1948 he pitched the most innings, 268, struck out the most batsmen, 219, and scored the most wins, 21, against 12 losses.

St. Louis Browns

Outfielder John Bernard Graham may make a strong bid for the St. Louis Browns' first base job even though he played 85 games in the outfield to 53 at first base for San Diego last summer. His 48 homers led the Pacific Coast League. He had a .298 batting average, making his 141 hits travel for 320 bases. He drove in 136 runs. Pitcher Frank Robert Raney will be getting a second chance with the Browns. Last season with Toledo he won nine and lost thirteen, being handicapped by wildness. If he gets control he may make it all right.

by

DON DUNPHY

The Senators

The Washington Senators will unveil John Earl Simmons, an outfielder from Flushing, New York. He's a six-foot, two-inch outfielder who last year batted .296 for the Montreal Royals. He's rated a dependable clutch hitter and fine gardener. Also trying for the Nats' outfield will be Harold Keller, younger brother of the Yankees' famed Charley. After a tryout with Washington last year he was optioned to Charlotte, where he batted .246 in 67 games. Going to Hagerstown he hit .270 the rest of the season.

The White Sox

Best of the newcomers to the Chicago White Sox should be outfielder Gus Edward Zernial from Beaumont, Texas. Zernial got his first chance in the majors with Cleveland and was released to Hollywood, from whom the Sox bought him. He had a great 1948, hitting .322 in 186 games and leading the league in hits, 237, total bases, 418, and runs batted in, 156. He also had 40 homers and 47 doubles last season. Pitcher Matthew Constantine Surkont comes to the Sox via the draft from Rochester, for whom he won 15 and lost 11. In 38 games he had 142 strikeouts and issued 109 walks.

Champion Braves

Over in the National League the Champion Boston Braves will be taking a good look at Donald Thompson, who was drafted from Columbus, O., for whom he hit .285 and drove in 51 runs. This left-handed hitting outfielder started his career as a pitcher but gave it up because of a sore arm and turned to the outfield. John (Jack of all Trades) Weisenburger will also be trying for an opening with the Braves. Graduated from Michigan last June, he was signed by the Braves and optioned to Pawtucket, where he saw service at second, short, right, and center. He batted .313 and those who saw him play the outfield are loud in their praises of him, particularly of his throwing arm, one of the strongest.

Brooklyn's Pride

The Brooklyn Dodgers will give another look-see to Jack Banta, strikeout leader of the International League for two straight years. Last year, while striking out 193, he reeled off 19 vic-

tories. He hails from Hutchinson, Kansas. Robert (Bob) Morgan voted the All Star Shortstop of the International League last year will get a tryout at third with the Dodgers. Last year with Montreal he batted only .266, but he delivered in the clutch. In the final game of the International League playoffs, he went four for four, including a double and a homer, and drove in four runs.

The Cards

The St. Louis Cardinals have high hopes for Lawrence (Symphony) Ciaffone, selected as the most valuable player in the Inter-State League last season. A catcher, he hit .373 for Allentown to earn his first trial with the Redbirds. He's a real hustler, and though his entry into the pro ranks was delayed by three years in the service he's making up for lost time. Another Allentown player getting a try with the Cards is Francis Haus, who last year at second base helped his team to something of a record for double plays with 160. Haus figured in 130 of these and was picked as the most improved player on the team. Before entering pro ball he attended Central Catholic High of Pittsburgh, the University of Pittsburgh, and Duquesne. One of his big days was hitting four successive doubles.

The Pittsburgh Pirates

The Pittsburgh Pirates will introduce Jack (Gabby) Cassini, a speedy infielder. Last year with Indianapolis of the American Association he hit .305 and drove in 63 tallies. He stole 33 bases to lead the loop in that art. Bill Werle, a left-handed pitcher, who is a sinker ball artist, was the rave of the Coast League last season. With San Francisco he won 17 and lost 7, with an E.R.A. of 3.09. Five of his defeats were by one-run margins, and his control was one of his best assets, for he walked but 66 men in the 231 innings he worked. He struck out 133 and tossed 22 complete games, tops in the loop.

The Giants

The New York Giants have high hopes for Harold (Dutch) Hamberger, one of the minors' fleetest outfield prospects. He finished 1948 with the Giants after being brought up from Jersey City. After a slow start with the Little Giants, he finished fast and wound up with a .279 average. In a like category is Don Mueller, son of a former National Leaguer who also finished with the Giants after being brought up from Jersey City. His hitting gave all indications that he will follow in the footsteps of his father, who played with the Pirates in the 1920's. He was bat-



Dodgers will try out Jack Banta

ting .329 in 99 games with J. C. last year when the Giants brought him up.

The Phillies

The Philadelphia Phillies are high on Stan Lopata, long-ball-hitting catcher, who was signed by the Phillies organization after starring in the amateur ranks in Detroit. This will be his fourth year in professional ball. Voted the most valuable player in the Eastern League with Utica in 1947, he was promoted to Toronto, where last year he hit .275. Was first player ever to drive in six runs in Jersey City's Municipal Stadium. The Phils also hold title to Jack Mayo, former Notre Dame outfielder, who has been in organized ball for two seasons. Last year with Utica he was hitting .273 when he was brought up to finish with the Phillies.

Cincinnati Reds

Eddie Erautt, former clubhouse boy for the Portland Coast League team, is returning for another chance with the Cincinnati Reds. He was with the Reds in '47 but couldn't get going. With Syracuse last year he won 15 and lost 7 with an E.R.A. of 2.97. Also with the Reds is Charles (Buck) Kress, a first baseman who was quite a hitter with Tulsa of the Texas League last season. In a pitchers' league he batted .312 and drove in 98 runs. This is his second tryout with the Reds.

Chicago Cubs

The Chicago Cubs have Cliff Aberson coming back. This long-ball-hitting outfielder played with Los Angeles last year and batted .329 while smacking 34 homers and driving in 103 runs. He has been in pro ball since 1940, except for four years in the service. The Cubs' pitching may be reinforced by Dewey Adkins, who is getting his second shot at the majors. Last year with Los Angeles he won 17 and lost 10 and had an E.R.A. of 2.25.



Prefect McGarrighy says: "There isn't a finer bunch of lads anywhere—anywhere at all!"

Home Sweet Homeless

**Sixteen Sisters of St. Joseph provide
a home and career opportunities for boy vic-
tims of orphanhood or parental delinquency**

by JIM BISHOP

A Sister of St. Joseph of Newark stood on the step overlooking the recreation room. Below, a hundred boys yelled, scampered, skidded, talked, read, sang, and listened to a radio whose volume was a shade softer than a locomotive whistle if you set it off in a telephone booth. Beside the nun was a little boy with yellow hair. The hair grew straight toward the cliff of his forehead and fell off into space. Absent-mindedly, as she watched the play below, her snowy fingers tried to turn the youngster's hair to the right. When her hand left his hair, the locks swung straight front again.

"Which would you rather be," she asked, "a pretty little girl or a homely little boy?" His eyes swung upward, and they were big and grave. "A homely little boy," he said softly. It was a matter which, to him, was beyond debate. The choice had been made by

a Higher Authority eight years before, and he had no will to revoke it. He would have amazed you if you had asked him *where* he'd rather be—back home or in St. Joseph's Home for Boys? He'd have said "Here." With few exceptions, all the other boys would have given the same answer.

About 3,000 yards north of the George Washington Bridge, the slate black cliffs of the Hudson Palisades really begin. The township is called

Englewood Cliffs, N. J. Facing away from the town, near the edge of a sheer black cliff overlooking the Hudson River, is a beige brick building with a cross on top. That's the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Newark. To the south a few hundred feet are the three main buildings which comprise the Home for Boys. Here dwell one hundred and one youngsters who have no homes of their own. Some people make a career of weeping over the "poor

orphans." At St. Joseph's, only 20 per cent are orphans. The rest are products of broken homes and warped parents. None aspires to be wept over.

The buildings are old. The gymnasium has stained-glass windows; one look and you know that once it was a chapel. The hallways are narrow and highly polished, and the curving stairway squeaks under your feet. The ancient doors are out of line; some close too easily and others not at all. The main building, an old wooden structure, is considered unsafe, and the boys now sleep in dormitories in the outlying stone buildings. The wooden building has sleeping quarters only for those who place small value on their lives—the nuns.

SIXTEEN SISTERS run the Home, and no sixteen women work harder for less thanks. Wait a minute. No thanks? I'm wrong. On Christmas Eve each year, many of the graduates of the Home come back for Midnight Mass. They bring their wives and they stand in the reception hall with the nuns, recalling old times, grinning, shifting nervously from one foot to the other. The flood of memories races down the years and engulfs the "boy" and the Sister and they stand looking at each other, and the young wife understands that words, sometimes, are meaningless.

Who knows what goes on in the mind of a Sister who looks upward at six feet of brawn and muscle and remembers when she despaired of ever teaching him more than the front half of an Act of Contrition? Who knows what the man thinks? This Sister, in most cases, is the only real mother he remembers. This nun in black habit tucked him in bed when he was seven, worried over him when his throat was sore, held his hand when the dentist said: "This won't hurt a bit," applauded with unseemly enthusiasm when he belted a triple with the bases loaded.

Does he love her? Of course he does. But he is a man now and his affection, deep and respectful, is not for display. He doesn't realize it, but the Sisters understand how he feels without a sentimental word being spoken.

The Home and the Novitiate are headed by Mother Athanasius. Under her guidance, Sister M. Consilio, a person with a great deal of spirituality in her brown eyes, runs the Home. When she tells you, "We never lay a hand on a boy, nor do we believe in corporal punishment," you do not question it. Punishment is worked out on a demerit basis. If a boy makes deliberate errors, certain privileges are withdrawn. He is refused permission to play basketball,

or soccer, or baseball, or he cannot attend the Friday night movie. The latter punishment is a sort of Baumes Law for fourth offenders. When a boy has to sit in dormitory during the showing of a picture, everyone feels bad.

No one, however, feels worse than Sister Superior, who comes to the auditorium early, and who glances furtively at the Sister who meted out the punishment. At the opportune time, the Superior smiles at her subordinate and whispers: "Sister, may I intercede for little Johnny? I'm sure that he didn't mean . . ."

Whereupon all the other Sisters laugh heartily, because this has happened many times and it will happen many times in the future. The truth is that Sister cannot sit relaxed and watch a movie with half a mind on a boy sitting in his room with his head hanging. Sometimes a Sister will argue that a certain boy needs punishment, and then Sister Consilio agrees, and promises that it will be done in the near future.

It is somewhat stunning, to a jaded journalist, to find that there is practically no disobedience among the boys. They work hard, they study hard, they play hard, and, when a Sister beckons to one boy in a group, four or five will jump up smiling and run toward her. They vie with each other to be of service to the Sisters. And their manners—unforced, unstrained—left this father of

two daughters rocking back on his heels.

St. Joseph's takes boys between the ages of six and sixteen. The tiny ones sleep in a wet section until they learn night control. Naturally, it is the ambition of every child to earn his way out of that group. There is a neat infirmary for sick boys and a dental clinic too. Doctors and dentists, as you might guess, donate their services to the Home.

HOWEVER, it is not a pampered life. Psychiatrists who moan that the cause of most neuroses is the over-indulgent American mother would be delighted to find that, at the Home, the boys must work according to their size and ability. These duties are called charges. A boy works a given charge for two months and is then transferred to another charge.

Next to missing a Friday night movie, the worst thing that can befall a boy is to be taken off a charge for inefficiency.

The daily charges are diverse: making beds, helping younger boys to dress, polishing mahogany banisters and stairways, washing and drying dishes, picking up papers and leaves on the five acres of ground, serving food (older boys only) at the tables.

In the matter of manners, the writer was caught off base on the first day he visited the Home. He was walking up



St. Joseph's Home for Boys, perched on the brink of the Palisades about two miles north of the George Washington Bridge. Very few of the boys would want to exchange this home for any other

TWO QUESTIONS

BY VIRGINIA EARLE

*And what of love? said the children.
I cannot tell you of love, said the blind man.
I have wakened at dawn and wept, because of the loved one's tears,
I have wakened at dawn and laughed, because of the loved one's laughter.
I have watched the curve of the loved one's back, grown helpless in sleep,
And have felt my heart break with tenderness.
But my eyes were covered with the cataracts of self, and I could not see.
I cannot tell you of love.*

*And what of God? said the children.
I cannot tell you of God, said the sick man.
I have eaten his flesh and blood, and have felt in my heart his unbearable peace—
I have seen his bruised white feet on the evening mountains,
I have seen his broken feet on the morning rivers.
I have heard his voice—
But my will was choked with the cancer of self, and I could not answer.
I cannot tell you of God.*

*Tell us of love and of God! cried the children.
I cannot tell you of love and of God, said the poet.
Behind on the land I left my self with its shadow,
And I lived in the depths of love as a fish in the ocean—
I lived in the heights of God as a bird in the sky.
But from those far lands no word is ever brought back—
Love must tell you of love, and God of God.*

a narrow hallway and, as he rounded a bend, saw a boy of about twelve on his knees cleaning the stairs.

"Where is Sister Consilio's office?" the writer said.

The boy stopped his work and smiled. Like the others, he has skin like a polished apple. "Good morning," he said. The writer smiled nervously. "Excuse me," he said, "good morning. Now where is Sister's office?" The boy stood and wiped his hands dry. "Down the hall all the way," he said, "and last office on your right." The writer, without thinking, started up the freshly scrubbed and still-damp stairs. "Don't worry," the boy said, "they're pretty dry." The writer mumbled, "Oh, Lord! Caught again!" Out loud he said: "May I walk up this way?" The boy grinned. "Yes, sir!" he said.

THERE is a complete elementary school in the old building. Four Sisters teach the eight grades. Sister M. Ellen Patricia, the principal, who knows all about inside baseball and how to bunt with one down, teaches the seventh and eighth grades herself. Sisters M. Patricia Ann, M. Geraldine, and M. Rose Imelda teach the others. At sixteen, when boys leave the Home, the Catholic Charities of Newark try to place them in foster homes through their high-schooling. After that, they're on their own.

Since the Sisters of St. Joseph of Newark took the home over in 1907, there is no record of a boy's having become a criminal. In all, many hun-

dreds of boys have been at the Home for varying periods of time, and about five hundred have graduated. Scores of these graduates served with distinction in World War II, and in the downstairs hall there is a big plaque on which their names are inscribed. Three have gold stars. The boys did so well for Uncle Sam that President Roosevelt wrote a special note of congratulation to the chaplain. Many graduates have continued their studies and a sizable group have won their master's degrees. Six boys became priests, one became a Benedictine Brother, another became a Franciscan Brother. One of the recent graduates stands an excellent chance—the Sisters keep their fingers crossed—of becoming the first major league pitcher from the Home. Many others are ordinary good husbands and fathers. A few have become successful and are ashamed of their "orphan" background. These never visit the Sisters.

When school is done each day, all the boys of the Home swell their voices in the chant of the Rosary, which is said for the intention of all the benefactors of the boys, past and present. This is interesting because it means, for instance, that the boys are praying for a Protestant named William F. McDonald, who died some years back. Mr. McDonald was never seen by the Sisters, but he used to stand around until stores were ready to close on Saturday nights and on Christmas Eve and buy whatever was left in huge lots. He would load a friend's car with meat and canned goods and toys and ask

him to deliver it at the Home, never to tell who sent it. One night, after a dry-goods store fire, Mr. McDonald bought out whatever was untouched by flame and sent the bolts of cloth to the Home.

For years a man named Weiner baked a huge cake for the monthly birthday parties at the Home. The institution is too poor to afford a separate birthday party for each boy, so all boys born in a given month have one party. Mr. Weiner's monthly cake could just about fit across the back seat of an automobile. The boys also pray for a Jew named Charlie Pearl who sends coca-cola to the parties and who donates toys too. Near-by bakers send all bread that's a day old. A Jewish tavern keeper sends a host of turkeys on Thanksgiving Eve. An ex-pug, who graduated from the Home, comes back at Christmas time and asks to see a boy who has no relatives or friends. He presses a bill into the boy's hand, musses his hair, and walks away, not to be seen for another year. These, and many more, are recipients of 101 daily Rosaries.

In the Home, one Sister does nothing all day but sit in a sewing room repairing torn pants, stockings, and undershirts. The litany of the sewing machine can be heard at all hours. The Mothers' Guild—there seems to be one at every Catholic institution—takes charge of the monthly parties, the Easter egg hunt, the summer picnics to Rockaway, the September frankfurter roast, and the Christmas gift party. The Knights of Columbus send \$1,000 a year.

The boys get up at 6:30 every morning, unless they tie a stocking at the head of the bed. This means that a youngster plans to attend Mass, and



After "mothering" hundreds, the Sisters really know boys

he's called at 6:05. They dress in work clothes because certain tasks must be performed before school.

Breakfast consists of cereal and milk, a cup of half coffee-half milk, rolls and butter, or bread and jelly. Four big boys serve the four aisles of bridge tables and anyone not eating enough is reported to the Sister in charge. A priest fixed up a loudspeaker for a record player, and now the boys have music while they eat. They like Bing Crosby, Vaughn Monroe, and string music—in that order.

After breakfast comes the making of beds, the cleaning of rooms and halls, and the dishes. Then all boys report back to dormitory and dress in school clothes before the bell rings at 8:45. School is out at 11:40 and, in a few minutes, dinner is served. This is the big meal and consists of meat, mashed potatoes, vegetables, gravy, dessert. The school bell tolls again at 1 p.m. and the boys have class until 3:15. Then they say the Rosary for all benefactors and hurry off to change to play clothes. Some pause for jelly sandwiches and then the gallop is on to get to the big game room to play billiards or checkers. If the weather is nice they rush off to a big level playing field, supervised for twenty years by an Irishman named McGarrighy. If you ask Prefect McGarrighy about the boys, he will narrow his eyes and tell you softly that "there isn't a finer bunch of lads anywhere—anywhere at all." Fights are few and, when he blows his whistle, all play stops and the boys report to his side.

At 5:30 p.m. supper is served. It's a light meal made up of a hot dish like Spanish rice, salad, fruit, and milk. Each boy also gets one vitamin pill a day. After supper is over, dishes are done, and then homework commences. If a boy is behind in his school work, the Sisters sit with him and help. If study isn't involved, the boys play in the game room and turn the radio volume up to unspeakable bedlam. After that, all must take showers. Small boys retire at eight. Boys from twelve onward are allowed to read until 9 or 9:30. If a fight or a ball game is on, the older boys are permitted to turn on the dormitory radio and listen in bed.

For boys who have nothing of their own, their generosity is mildly astonishing. When they do get an odd nickel or dime, they often contribute it to the Foreign Missions. A Sister never hints or suggests that a youngster jingling with money should give it to the missions. "It must be in their hearts or it's not worth while," one Sister said. The eighth grade, in two months, con-

tributed \$20.91—a better per capita rate of giving than the Community Chest.

One boy—we'll call him Harold—came into the Home with running sores on his ears. His clothes were filthy and he wore no underwear. He had a dark mop of hair and tremendous black eyes. He looked from the face of one Sister to another and he said nothing, but his eyes told you that this was just one more sorrow in a whole lifetime of them. He had lived in one room with

Peter and Sean, both complete orphans, have never understood why Santa is so good to them. They have no kin, no visitors. The truth is that the Superior has a big locker in her office and, from time to time, puts surplus toys in it. When Christmas comes, Peter and Sean are overwhelmed with the contents of the bulging locker.

One boy, some years back, arrived at the Home and couldn't speak, except in meaningless grunts. He was eleven,



Good Samaritans, Catholic and non-Catholic, supply things that are interesting to eat and interesting to play with

a sick mother and an aunt. His body was infested with filth. He had never heard the word "pajamas." He was taken to Holy Name Hospital, his ears were treated, he was given medication to build him up and, when he returned to the Home, he was fed, fattened, and taught to give as well as receive respect. He was doing well a year later when his mother called for him and said that she'd take over from that point. She tired of him in six months, and when he returned, the Sisters had to cut his clothes off and burn them.

You don't know Alonzo, either. He's a big boy and he wants to become a priest. He has two sisters in St. Joseph's Home for Girls in Jersey City. He doesn't know that the Sisters are aware that, when he has any money at all, he puts it in an envelope—all of it—and sends it to his kid sisters in the other Home. He says he feels responsible for them.

but he "said" everything with hand signals. He did grade-two work in arithmetic, grade-one work in reading. His history showed that his father had left his mother and, when the mother became chronically ill, the boy, almost mute with fear, cradled her head on his lap and tried to sing to her. When she died in his arms, his little world exploded and he couldn't speak at all. The Sisters concentrated all the affection and care and mercy that they could. A near-miracle occurred. The boy had been at the Home only two years when the following happened: He now studied grade-seven material in arithmetic; grade-six in reading. He was a star on the basketball team, a stamp collector, and a monitor for small boys. He was also an avid reader-in-bed.

Do you wonder why you'd get an ironic answer if you asked these 101 boys whether they'd rather be home or in the Home?

the sky Shadow

by WILLIS LIND

The valley offered food
shelter for her young. But
since her encounter with the
horned owl, the vixen left
the open spaces where the
shadow lay

There was a piercing scream
as the talons struck home

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT KUHN

THE SIGN

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THE red vixen paused in the open space before the mouth of her den under the rimrock. She did not look skyward, for the danger of the sky shadow came only at night. Her breath came short. Her lumpy ribs lifted and fell with her breathing.

Beyond the laurel clump, far up the aspen slope, the clean, hard light of the April sun faded into dusk. The valley below, and the broom-sedge field, lay in purple shadows that deepened and brought the frosty chill of a spring night.

Within the den, her litter of cubs set up a sharp cry for food. She went in to them slowly, sore and weary from the long, futile hunt for food.

She had ranged the far side of the aspen slope for game. All she had found was one field mouse in the broom sedge. It was a mere swallow that sharpened the needles of hunger, and desperation had driven her on and on, torn between the need for food and the strong, instinctive urge to stay close and protect her young.

It was her first whelping. There were five in all, but the weak one, smaller than the others, did not come to her. It lay quietly at the far side of the den.

The vixen nosed it. Like the others, starved and shrunken, it was little more than a frame of bones encased in thick cub fur. Not until she prodded it with her paw did it get up and come on wobbly legs.

In a dim way, the vixen sensed that it was only the sky shadow that kept her from the rabbits and mice of the open fields in the valley.

Presently she slipped from the den. Twilight had deepened. A breeze came down the slope from the pine ridges, and as she stooped testing it with her nose,

she suddenly became alert, her sharp, black ears forward. She had caught the strong scent of lynx on the night air. Once before that day she had smelled the lynx. But that was below her den, by the rhododendron thickets that bordered the broom sedge.

She kept her sharp nose to the wind until the lynx smell was gone. The big cat had crossed on the slope above, where the deer came to feed on green bark and mosses.

The little red fox finally sat down on her haunches, resting. Once she glanced up at the clump of laurel above the rimrock where she usually guarded her den. But her weakness and the ache in her bones overcame caution. She remained where she was, keeping her head erect, her burning eyes fixed on the gray blur of brush for some sign of danger.

Chicken feathers and small bits of fur about the entrance of the den stirred in the night air. She got up and nosed through them. They were all that remained of the food her mate had brought nightly. They were kills he had made in the open valley where the vixen would not venture by night, for it was then that the hated sky shadow hung in the air above. Nor would she go to the fields among the farms during the day, for then the danger of man and dogs was too great even for a wary fox.

Her mate had brought no food for three nights. It was too early yet to expect him, but she moved restlessly to the edge of the apron, watching the slope where she usually saw him coming through the broom sedge.

She yapped twice. They were muted yaps, sharpened a little by impatience and hunger. Then she listened for his reply. There was nothing but silence.

For three nights she had called her mate. For three nights there had been silence and no food. She had not seen him since the sounds of dogs were close in the hills, the day she crouched in the laurel thicket above the den, ready to draw the dogs away from her cubs if they came too close.

A thin edge of moon came over the pine ridges. The stars shone brightly in the crisp night air, and far below in the valley, there were other stars from the farmhouses and small, moving tails of light along the roads.

The silence was broken suddenly by the quavering cry of a screech owl. Then, closer than she had ever heard it before, came the heavy hooting of the great horned owl.

The vixen flashed to her feet. Her ears flattened as she darted for shelter under the rimrock. Her nostrils quivered and the scars on her face jerked with terror.

The hooting of the great horned owl meant danger. It meant sharp, sudden pain and death. It meant the great, black sky shadow that had swooped out of the night when she herself was only a young cub, less than a year ago. The sky shadow had struck swiftly, without warning, raking her cheek with sharp talons. She had broken free and tumbled away into cover of heavy brush.

The big owl had thrashed its wings in fury and flown away. But the fear had remained, fear of the hooting sky shadow, fear of the open places at night where there was no protection from its murderous talons.

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This was the fear that threatened the vixen and her cubs with slow starvation, for it kept her from the open fields and meadows of the valley where rabbits and mice, if not plentiful, could always be found. So at night, as in daylight, the red vixen habitually clung to the upland slopes and foraged for game in the thick cover of wooded hills.

It was this fear, too, which had prompted her choice of the damp den under the rimrock far up the aspen slope, instead of the dry, sweet hollow beneath the uprooted beech near the valley floor.

The heavy hooting of the owl came again. But now in the safety of her den, with her cubs clamoring about her, the hated sound brought only a low growl to her throat.

The cubs gave her no peace, and presently, to escape them, she crawled to the mouth of the den. There she listened for a time.

When the hooting came again, it was faint. The danger was past. Sharp hunger drove the vixen again into the night.

She leaped to the rimrock. There she froze for an instant, listened intently, turning her head in every direction. Skirting the laurel clump, she made for the broom sedge, circling to the lower end of it and came upwind, sampling the air with her sharp nose. She worked back and forth, but there was no smell of life.

Gliding noiselessly through the rhododendron and a patch of blossoming dogwood, she dropped into the cut of a mountain stream and followed along the water's edge, searching for frogs and crawfish.

Her impatience grew. At a deer path she finally left the stream, following it down the slope through the belts of underbrush, pausing always for a glance at the sky before venturing across open spaces that could not be avoided.

In a stand of beeches where the screech owl lived, she went unerringly to the uprooted tree and explored the clean, dry hollow beneath. It was much better suited for raising a family than was the damp den under the shale rimrock. But there were too many of the frightening open spaces about the beech grove, and below it were the meadows and fields where the sky shadow could strike with death-dealing talons.

The fresh scent of rabbit in the den made the vixen shiver and slaver with eagerness. She followed the scent easily down the slope and beyond a thicket of sassafras and laurel. The trail went on into an open field, but the vixen stopped. Her sharp eyes searched the field.

As the vixen hesitated, she caught the smell of mice and the sound of squeaking. Catlike, she crouched. She crept

closer, her body almost touching the ground, so that she was almost hidden in the deep shadow of the sassafras thicket. Then she saw the movement in the short grass.

But as she gathered herself for the spring, it happened. The air stirred above her. The great, black sky shadow flashed down. Even before it struck at the mouse, the vixen had vanished.

For three days it rained, and when the vixen came back to her den, gaunt and hollow-flanked, on the third day, she found her cubs drenched from the seepage of water. The bottom of the den was a pool, fed by a steady, thread-like stream through the roof of the cave. Bewildered, shivering with fright, the cubs whimpered and pressed together for warmth near the wall.

Small, reassuring sounds came from the vixen's throat as she nuzzled them. She stood over them, warming them, licking the water from their thick cub fur.

The rain had stopped. But the stream of water from the roof grew larger. There was no drainage, and by nightfall the water had risen almost to the entrance. The vixen was forced to prod her young onto the apron beyond the den.

The cubs squalled in their misery and

► Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.
—HOLMES

huddled about her. A snarl quieted them.

After a time the vixen grew restless. She went to the edge of the apron to reconnoiter. She glanced anxiously at the star-bright sky. She listened intently to the thousand small sounds, perhaps nothing more than the dripping of trees and the gurgle of freshets, that came out of the night.

She leaped to her lookout post by the clump of laurel above the rimrock. From there she could see most of the sky and the full sweep of the slope from the pine ridges and aspens to the broom sedge and the valley below.

Hunger burned in her like slow fire, but she made no move to go foraging. The cubs were exposed to danger. She was vaguely disturbed. It was the first clear night after the long rain. The sky shadow would be hungry. The lynx would be hungry too, and on the water-soaked ground there would be no sound of his coming. Death stalked in the sky and on the wooded slope, threatening her cubs on the apron below.

She tested the air time and again, glanced skyward from under the protective shadow of the laurel clump. But all was quiet.

Once she glanced toward the dark mass near the foot of the slope, the stand of beeches where the dry, sweet hollow under the windfall could provide a good home for her cubs. In a few hours, during the night, she could carry them down there, one by one. But she was repelled by the frightening open spaces and fields of the valley where the sky shadow hunted by night.

The plaintive mewling of her cubs drew her attention. They had separated again, and one moved awkwardly, stumbling on weak legs, toward the outer edge of the apron.

She snarled a warning. But it did not go back. She poised to drop onto the apron and draw the cub back under the safety of the ledge. But in the instant of her poise, she suddenly checked.

Then she heard it. It was less than a sound at first, a faint atmospheric commotion that came from above.

The vixen's head came up. She saw the plunging sky shadow and the sight, the growing whip of rent air, stabbed terror in her bones and flattened her ears. Instinctively, she drew back.

The sky shadow streaked in a downward swoop. It came straight at the errant cub, checked its powerful dive at the last instant with a thrust of wings, deadly talons extended. There was a piercing scream as the talons found home.

The wild, instinctive urge to protect her young brought the vixen's hackles up. Her sharp teeth bared. Then suddenly she sprang, straight at the thrashing wings.

Her teeth slashed at the feathered neck. It was much smaller than she had expected, but she shook it savagely.

She backed away from the dead owl, uncertain. But in an instant, her hunger was stronger than her fear of the dead owl. She pranced and slavered about it, sniffing, testing with her teeth this thing which had suddenly become so much like a delicious fat chicken. Then she tore hungrily at the good meat, feasting amid a stormy flurry of scattering feathers. To her starved palate it tasted even better than the fattest grouse.

Her strength had returned by the following night. There was a bright quarter moon and under the strong light of it, she worked and struggled up and down the slope with sure purpose. When the young were at last all bedded down in the dry den under the windfall, she set off boldly down the slope.

At the sassafras thicket which edged the field, she paused to reconnoiter, but with never a skyward glance. Then, with her fine, bushy tail bobbing airily, she set off at a jaunty trot across the open field.



by **ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.**

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

April Fool

Is it wrong to go in for pranks on All Fools' Day? How did this practice become so widespread?—L. M., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The origin of April Fool pranks is uncertain. The practice is common throughout Europe as well as in this country. In Scotland, the victim of an April Fool joke is dubbed a *gowk*; the French hail him as an *April Fish*. The Hindus play similar tricks on the occasion of a Springtime festival. So much for trivial history.

Practical jokes are not wrong, provided they do not exceed harmless mischief. In the process of having fun at someone else's expense, the obligatory virtues of justice and charity must be respected. If the victim of a joke were to incur financial loss as the result of a hoax, the jokesmith would be obliged to make restitution. Only too often, boorishness and cruelty masquerade as fun. Prescinding from the hypersensitive type of person and from poor unfortunates devoid of a sense of humor, it can easily happen that normal people are embarrassed beyond good-natured endurance. Practical jokers and wits are renowned for the disproportion between their give and take. They revel in the discomfort of others, but resent being pilloried "for the fun of it." It would be an appropriate penance for the guilty to memorize Cardinal Newman's description of a gentleman.

April Fool jokes frequently involve so-called playful lies. Truths and untruths can be expressed by way of the written or spoken word, by gesture or other action. A lie is never permissible, for it is intrinsically wrong on a two-fold basis. A liar garbles the truth deliberately, and does so in order to deceive. However, it is recognized that certain

conventional formulas are not intended in a literal sense, and are not to be understood literally. For example, there is the rhetorical device known as hyperbole whereby, for the sake of emphasis, a statement is obviously inflated. For sufficient reason and within certain limits, mental reservation is permissible and can even be obligatory. Most people have enough discernment to identify hyperbole and mental reservation, as well as to discount the tall stories of fishermen and hunters. So too, the average person is alert on April 1 for playful deception. To be caught napping would not turn a pleasantry into an odious lie.

Blessed Maria

Please tell me something about the young virgin martyr, the recently beatified Maria Goretti.—G. K., ROXBURY, MASS.

This modern St. Agnes was a native of Nettuno, a village on the Tyrrhenian Sea, across the bay from Anzio. On July 5, 1902, while the rest of her family were working in the vineyard, she was solicited by a hired farmhand. When she spurned his sinful advances, he threatened her life; the more she persevered in her determination to maintain her virginity, the more enraged he became. He carried out his threat by stabbing Maria to death.

As the twelve-year-old girl lay dying in her mother's arms, she forgave her murderer and prayed for his conversion. After serving several years of a life sentence, he was released—owing for the most part to the petition of Maria's relatives. He lived to see his victim beatified on April 27, 1947 and is still resident within the seclusion of a monastery.

Maria's beatification was brought to a successful conclusion under the aegis of the Postulator General of the Passionists. Maria's body has been preserved in their church of Our Lady of Grace at Nettuno, with the exception of a short period during the recent war when, for safekeeping, it was transferred to the Passionist mother house of Sts. John and Paul at Rome.

Pugilism as a Career

In a ring fight, I injured my opponent. A confessor claims I am bound in conscience not to make a career of boxing. I can't see it his way. Is he too strict, or am I wrong?—T. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Disappointing though this reply may be to you, and to very many fans throughout the country, it is quite possible that the confessor you quote is not too strict. It is one thing to become well trained in self-defense, by means of an ability to box and wrestle, and by recourse to jujitsu or its equivalent. It is another thing to actuate this ability, whether for entertainment or prize money or both, at the risk of injuring another seriously and of sustaining serious injury. When a professional boxer climbs into the ring, he does so with the avowed intention of inflicting as much physical damage as can be, albeit with the hope that the damage will be only momentary and will not prove fatal. However, over a period of years, a boxer and his opponents become human punching bags. Aside from incidental disfigurement, it happens not infrequently that regulars sustain serious injuries to brain, heart, and other organs. American slang describes rather neatly the mental condition of those who stop too many lunges with their heads.

It must be conceded that in all human activities, the likelihood of danger can be a relative factor. Exceptional people can walk a tightrope at a dizzy height, or catapult themselves from one trapeze to another. Years ago, when commercial flying was more hazardous, applicants for life

insurance were interrogated as to their habitual mode of travel. In the *New York Times*, under date of February 16, Arthur Daly depicted in a masterful way the psychology of dangerous sports. We quote in part from his *Duel with Death*: "Bobsled racing requires all contestants to sign a waiver absolving all authorities from any blame in the event of accident. This obvious warning is blithely ignored because the game is such a fascinating one that it is worth every risk. Few top-flight bobsledders have escaped undented from this hazardous but ever thrilling pastime. However, it takes a fatality to shock the public into the realization of what a dangerous sport it is."

"In a tune-up run . . . last week, Max Houben of Belgium rocketed over the wall and plunged to his death, the first fatality. . . . There have been some mighty close calls in the past, but the riders always contrived to elude total destruction in some miraculous fashion. Until now the bobsledders used to scoff at the idea that they were racing with death. They won't any more."

The earliest career boxers in this country disdained gloves. But the mittens did not save Ernie Shaff from being knocked into eternity by Primo Carnera. The reduction of serious hazard in the ring depends considerably upon how well matched the contestants are. It would be suicidal for most men to spar with Joe Louis. But even assuming balanced fighting abilities, much can happen during an unguarded instant. Boxing has a fascination for contestant and spectator, displaying as it can, a skillful defense and attack, strategic foot-work, phenomenal stamina, and so on. But to say the least, your confessor is thinking of your health as well as that of others, as prescribed by the Fifth Commandment of God.

Mr. & Mrs. Tyrone Power

How come that Tyrone Power, despite the marriage laws of the Church, was permitted to divorce his first wife and remarry? I am a convert and am at a loss to explain this matrimonial mystery to my many non-Catholic relatives and friends.—V. S., LAUREL, MD.

No wonder you refer to the Power-Christian nuptials as a matrimonial mystery! Secular papers made very scant, if any, reference to the feasibility of a Catholic marriage between Tyrone Power and Linda Christian. That reporters or/and editors should so bungle a featured news story can hardly be attributed to sheer inadvertence. Clarification of this marriage case was circulated promptly by our Catholic papers, but to judge by the number of inquiries received subsequently, there must be very many Catholics who do not read church history as unfolded in our diocesan or national weeklies!

Tyrone is a Catholic. His previous marriage to one Anabella, also a Catholic, was invalid on two counts—the so-called marriage was not witnessed by a priest, and Anabella's original husband was still living. Hence, before God and the Church, Tyrone was never married to Anabella. A California divorce erased this "paper marriage," thus granting both parties civil freedom to remarry. Linda Christian is a Catholic, and there was no obstacle whatever to the validity of her marriage to Tyrone. Assuming repentance for his futile attempt at marriage to a divorcee, and before a justice of the peace, there was no obstacle to an entirely licit marriage, and there is no reason why they may not live happily forever after. Though it is unfortunate that the case received some cheapening notoriety, it does seem that the newlyweds themselves had the good taste to discourage the fanfare which developed. They enjoy the Church's solemn nuptial blessing, ratified by God.

Disgraceful Parents

Is it true that a boy whose parents are divorced and remarried outside the Church will not be accepted as a candidate for the priesthood?—J. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Provided certain conditions be verified, his prospects are favorable. Much depends upon the boy's own character and conduct, and upon his willingness to migrate to a locality where his disgraceful parents are unknown. Any such case would have to be submitted to the authorities of a diocese or of a religious community, for consideration and decision.

Too Much of a Good Thing

What with two children to care for, and housework, I find the Lenten fast exhausting. Am I lax if I don't fast?—L. B., CHICAGO, ILL.

Fasting and abstinence are important factors in the maintenance of spiritual health. Thereby we atone for past sin and school ourselves in self-control. But, as St. Thomas Aquinas explains, measures of this kind are only a means unto an end. The underlying purpose is the increase of our devotion to God; there is no danger of our falling into excess, in that respect. But we can exceed the measure of prudence in utilizing a mere means to an end. St. Thomas goes so far as to say that we can be guilty of sin by excessive mortification—for example, by so weakening ourselves as to be unable to perform the duties of our state in life.

Depending upon health, some individuals may not be obliged at all by the second commandment of the Church—to fast and abstain on the days appointed. This Church law applies to the average person, to the majority who enjoy normal health. Even for them, a dispensation from the full observance of the law can be perfectly legitimate, perhaps obligatory. Neither divine nor ecclesiastical legislation is cruel. However, individuals should not take it upon themselves to judge their own cases. Application for a dispensation, coupled with the reasons that seem to warrant its concession, should be made to one's confessor *beforehand*. The obligation to observe the law in its fullness is very relative to the individual, on the basis of health, physical and nervous taxation in the course of work, and similar considerations. A person might be able to observe the law on a single day, or during the three Ember days, while the cumulative effect of fasting throughout Lent might be unreasonable. Some need only desist from being all-day nibblers.

Scruples

B was assured by his confessor that, although a certain action is seriously sinful, he was not personally guilty at the time, since he lacked realization of its sinfulness. In the course of time, B is worried as to whether he explained his case fully; even as to his outlook on the wrong action at the time of its commission. What to do?—M. B., BUFFALO, N. Y.

As worded above, B's ten-point inquiry is reduced to lowest terms. From the original letter, it is manifest that B is suffering a chronic case of scruples. Scrupulosity is unwarranted anxiety as to the morality of conduct in the past, present, or future. It is a state of mind which impairs the normal function of memory and of prudent judgment. To be harried by frequent scrupulous "debates" within the forum of conscience reduces a person to the state of a nervous patient. So true is this that a scrupulous penitent is incapable of a normal examination of conscience. Fundamentally, there is only one cure for this psychological malady—unquestioning acceptance of the decisions made by a confessor, and

unconditional compliance with his advice. Under the circumstances, the penitent is not self-reliant, and hence must make an act of human faith in one who is reliable—even though it be part and parcel of his fears that, to begin with, he has not stated his case thoroughly, or that the confessor did not understand. It takes a confessor less than a minute to recognize the symptoms of scrupulosity; he knows how to evaluate such a penitent's declaration, and by assuming responsibility for decisions and advice relieves the patient of impending worry. Needless to say, the same confessor should be consulted consistently; to "shop around" is to search subconsciously for a scrupulous confessor! By dint of prudent direction and brief prayers expressive of utter confidence in the Searcher of Hearts, the tired mind of the penitent will regain its composure; he will begin to thrive on the tonic of peace of conscience.

Behavior of Sun at Fatima

Was there any scientific recording of the solar phenomena at Fatima? At that time, did the sun appear normal to the rest of the world?—E. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

Three months beforehand, ten-year-old Lucy dos Santos prophesied that at noonday on October 13, 1917, the Mother of God would effect a public miracle and thus corroborate her recent messages to the world. The nature of the predicted miracle was unknown even to Lucy. Hence, no preparations were made for astronomical or meteorological observation. In addition to the physical phenomena of that eventful day, due attention should be given the prediction of the Blessed Virgin as voiced through Lucy. That prediction merits classification as a prophecy and therefore as a miracle of the intellectual order. During His mortal career on earth, Our Lord resorted to the same stratagem by associating intellectual and physical miracles—a combination conducive to resultant moral miracles, or miracles of grace.

Explain along natural lines, if you can, the sudden cessation of a torrential downpour of rain, the abrupt partition of billowing clouds, the appearance of the sun as a fiery disc that spun like a top and zigzagged earthward. To some of the observers, the planet appeared as a circlet of fire, blank in the center and radiating all the colors of the spectrum. The seventy thousand witnesses at Fatima had physical certainty as to their own personal impressions; so too, those who observed the same manifold wonder in localities of Portugal distant from Fatima. Of their impressions, we have moral certitude. All types made up that multitude of spectators—young and old, illiterate and well educated, women and men, devout Catholics and the antagonistic, including Masons and atheists. In the intervening years since 1917, no natural explanation has been given to belittle the miraculous character of Fatima's solar spectacle, or to water down the obvious miracles of grace that followed.

Operation Rescue

Would it be morally all right to organize rescue squads for the liberation of Archbishop Stepinatz and Cardinal Mindszenty and his fellow prisoners?—G. I., BOSTON, MASS.

In itself, your chivalrous plan is morally sound and commendable. The prisoners are entitled to their freedom, regardless of so-called authorities who, if they could, would treat God the same way. The prisoners are key men in the European sector of the Church Militant. It is only normal that their liberation should appeal to sacramentally confirmed soldiers of Christ. In the same spirit, the Crusades

of old were organized. Would that some such plan were feasible—there would be no dearth of volunteers for that commando operation!

However, when all circumstances are considered, a rescue putsch could not be given unqualified approval. Unless the interventionists were Hungarians—or Yugoslavs—such an attempt might spark no less an explosion than war. And especially nowadays, any war is likely to assume world-wide proportions. A venture fraught with the likelihood of consequences so tragic would not be justified.

Briny Language

As a constant reader of THE SIGN, I notice that you stress certain sins, such as birth control, while other things are never mentioned. Why? I have in mind the hair-raising language used by most of our Catholics—even young children. A neighbor with no religion at all was surprised to learn that my family are Catholics, for she never heard us use foul language.—J. G., WELLSBORO, N. Y.

Even if your impressions were accurate as to the vocabulary typical of Catholics, there is an abysmal difference between birth control and recourse to unprintable language as a psychological safety valve. By unnatural birth control, men and women frustrate the predominant purpose of matrimony and cheat the Creator who deigns to share with them His own productive powers. Reprehensible language is, indeed, disgracefully widespread, but a considerable percentage smacks of mere vulgarity rather than obscenity or profanity. With many people, briny language is so much a matter of habit that advertence to its impropriety has lost edge. Explosion of pent-up feelings, perhaps coupled with a lack of refinement, are other explanatory factors. The Almighty is much more displeased over the irreligion exemplified by your neighbor.

Among Catholics, there are men, women, and children who should prune their vocabulary. But the impression you share with your irreligious neighbor is grossly exaggerated! Your acquaintance with other Catholics must be extremely limited. It would be educational as well as edifying were you to investigate a representative cross section of adults and children. Because of circumstances, some people may be constrained to live temporarily in a *Tobacco Road* neighborhood, but one can always excursion abroad among normal people, on business errands or socially. If there be a parochial school nearby, one can easily mingle with Catholic children by the hundreds, at the time of dismissal bell. Rest assured that to do so will not be a hair-raising experience.

Timely Organ Music

Is it proper for the organist to play during the Elevation of the Mass? During the actual blessing at Benediction? To me, this is most distracting. Should church music drag? Our organist seems to delight in very slow music. Is this liturgical?—J. G., DAYTON, OHIO.

According to the Episcopal Ceremonial, it is expressly permitted to play the organ at the times you refer to, provided it be done softly. As a matter of preference, it is understandable that some favor a silence broken only by the customary tinkle of a bell. Even in your case, the distracting feature of organ music may be its drowsy tempo. If all movies were presented in slow motion, theaters would be empty. According to the spirit of liturgical law, organ music should be a duly modulated accompaniment to personal and corporate devotion. Let us hope that your organist, too, reads THE SIGN.

Employers point the way

American industry is hitting back at those who have created deep suspicion about it over the years. Aside from paternalism, there is much to applaud

by
VICTOR RIESEL

NOT too long ago, Mr. Z, a Negro worker at the Ford Motor Co., sought out one of the corporation's many employee counselors. Mr. Z earned good money, but so heavily garnished was his pay that he couldn't care for, nor properly feed and clothe, his family of eight. As the Counselor talked with him, it quickly became apparent that the assembly-belt hand was a chronic alcoholic and as chronically sliding into debt.

Ten years ago he would have been fired for inefficiency. But not today—not the head of a family of eight. So Mr. Z could benefit from group therapy, the counselor organized a Negro unit within the local Alcoholics Anonymous club in the River Rouge area. This unique company guidance helped Mr. Z to return to a normal home life, efficiency in the plant, and happiness with his large family. Months later, on leaving the employee counselor's office for the last time, he was overheard saying:

"These human engineers they've got here can sure lick old devil rum."

Mr. Z is one of thousands at the Ford Company aided today by counselors who are part of a new and highly expensive concept of the need to impress the working staff with the company's respect for the dignity of those who create its cars.

He is one of thousands who no longer are just numbers. Even the obvious identification badges have been removed and replaced by wallet cards carried out of sight. He is one of thousands who are helped daily, as was a paroled inmate of the State Prison of Southern Michigan several months ago. The Ford Employment Section, knowing well the parolee's prison record, accepted him for work but then discovered he suffered from a left inguinal hernia—enough to disqualify



Personal interviews uncover discontent, remove causes

him for the job. He was rejected. But he told them how desperately he needed work. Without a steady income, he would be returned to prison by the parole authorities. The Counselors told him a hernia was correctible, suggested surgery, and got a social agency to put up the funds for the operation. As soon as he recovers, he will be put to work.

Both Mr. Z and the parolee admittedly are extreme cases. But they reflect the sharp interest the Ford Company now has in seeing that the human being inside its huge plants doesn't lose himself in anonymity when he hits the assembly belt. Just as these men are two out of 110,000 at Ford's, this famous company is one of hundreds of large corporations now spending literally hundreds of millions of dollars each year in an honest effort "to treat their employees right" and to prove that these businesses deserve their workers' loyalty, which in recent years has been somewhat disintegrated by intense propaganda from an all too voluble left wing.

Some of these company practices are new and apparently an effort to compete with unions and woo employees. But other corporations are no Johnny-come-latelies to the philosophy that a man's dignity requires that he no longer be considered just an anonymous cipher down in the plant.

In this latter group are the biggest of the big—Standard Oil of New Jersey, the General Electric Company, the International Business Machine Co.,

newspaper publishers, etc., etc. Their efforts take many forms—with employees receiving everything from champagne to country clubs and social seasons.

Recently, for example, the Lionel Company in New York decided to launch a profit-sharing plan to increase the take-home earnings of its workers. Naturally there was a celebration. That day, to every employee went a bottle of champagne with the company's compliments.

A few weeks later, across country in Indianapolis, another company owner played Santa Claus to his employees—and even the adults must have come to believe in Old Kriss Kringle.

There, Eugene C. Pulliam, publisher of the *Star and News* and other newspapers, gave his staff a new country club complete with swimming pools, eight bowling alleys, picnic grounds, and a dance floor which can take 350 hep couples—and some who prefer the waltz they learned so long ago. For the club, the site of which is a wooded spot less than a half hour from downtown Indianapolis, is exclusively for the use of employees and their families.

More than twelve hundred companies now run get-together clubs like that for their people.

The International Business Machine Company, for example, makes a specialty of country clubs for employees. There are several near the company's New York state plants—at Endicott and Poughkeepsie for example—which are models. Each club is governed solely

by employees—positively no executive, factory supervisor, or department manager may serve on the Board of Governors or as club officers.

Here is more than mere sweet talk for those who can speed production. Here is an effort to create a community whose people, through playing together, and working together, will understand each other and become more basically valuable as units of the larger society in which they live. At these clubs, trained nursery attendants care for small children of IBM employees while they enjoy the ballroom and banquet halls, or the libraries and lounges or the basketball, bowling, trap shooting, rifle and pistol range, softball, tennis, chess, skiing and skating, ping pong, orchestra, and choir facilities. All for one dollar a year in membership dues.

IBM people are covered by a health and accident benefit plan which gives them maximum pay for six months of illness. Every worker is given \$1,000 life insurance after one month of employment. This is increased annually until it reaches \$15,000 after five years and \$25,000 after twenty-five years—paid for by the company.

An IBM employee who retires at sixty-five under the Social Security Act is paid a minimum of sixty dollars more a month if he was with the company for ten years. For each additional year there is additional money—up to two hundred dollars a month, including Social Security.

IBM shouldn't be passed over without a respectful nod to the working conditions in its plants—where well-balanced meals are served at cost, where the toilet rooms are equipped with ultraviolet germicidal lamps for sterilizing the air, where clean-filtered air is furnished by a heating and ventilating system through plant ceiling outlets. That's one company's bow to the dignity of its working people.

Other companies, other systems. In General Electric Co. plants—where are produced everything from kitchen to atomic fission griddles, there is, for example, company concern over the peace of mind of its people. At its Erie factory and in some of its Chemical Dept. plants, the managers now hold regular informative parleys with small groups of employees selected at random from the shops. At these bull sessions the managers act as a sort of Information Please panel. They discuss any question thrown at them by the men, except matters under negotiation with the union.

Each edition of the *GE News*, which reaches General Electric's two hundred thousand workers, runs an information and rumor clinic. All queries

are answered, whether signed or unsigned.

Result is that more than two-thirds of the GE people, by actual test, regard their plant newspapers as the most honest and reliable news sources on company policies and operations.

This is important in a field covered by a leftist union which is the most expert propagandist (via movies, radio, public demonstrations, and newspapers) in labor circles. Many companies have had their credibility destroyed with their employees by such propaganda designed on the outside. But GE appears to have outmaneuvered the leftists.

While we're quoting companies, there's the viewpoint of the huge Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which has one of the most unusual saving-bonus plans in the world. Socony workers receive a booklet which, in the words of an anonymous employee, has this to say:

"As long as I work for the Company, I will not be discriminated against for membership or nonmembership in any church, union, society or fraternity . . . My wages will be at least as high as the prevailing scale for similar work in my community, and probably higher. Wages for oil workers are above the average. That's proved by statistics. I don't run the risk of being fired without notice unless I commit one of a posted list of offenses, as, for example, being drunk on duty.

"I will receive a written warning notice of any other offenses which, if repeated, will make me liable to discharge. Fair enough. If work gets

slack and there is to be a layoff, there will be written notice, too.

"I can take up my personal grievances with 'the man higher up.' If I want a union representative with me, that's my privilege, too. My case may even go to top executives. And if negotiations don't settle the matter, a mutually agreeable arbitrator may be called in.

"I got a week's vacation with pay at the end of my first year. I've had two weeks paid vacation every year since then. I'll get three weeks if I stay with this outfit fifteen years and there's a good chance that I will. Of the fifty thousand odd employees in the Jersey Standard group of domestic affiliated companies, over ten thousand have been on the job more than twenty years. Why shouldn't I?"

That much for the policy of a company that deals with fifty-five little independent unions, the AFL, the machinists' association, the railway brotherhoods and CIO marine workers.

Add to this the unique thrift plan, and you have a most unusual labor policy.

Standard Oil Company executives long ago decided that a good labor policy doesn't just grow. Some thirty years ago, they called in the experts and devised a policy which has kept them virtually strikeless over a quarter of a century.

In fact, their last strike broke out in 1915, when fifteen hundred Bayonne refinery workers hit the bricks on the hot summer night of July 20. There were pitched battles between strikers and police—the pickets armed with rocks, the police using revolvers. Fire broke out in tank cars loaded with oil, boxcars filled with merchandise, and a company pump house. Only after the Governor rushed in the National Guard were the street battles ended.

It is significant that one demand of those tough strikers was:

"We request humane treatment at the hands of foremen and superiors in place of the brutal kicking and punching we now receive without provocation."

There also were complaints that "grudge-bearing" supervisors would punish workers by detaining cleaners in the refinery at temperatures up to 250 degrees.

After the Bayonne strikes, Clarence J. Hicks, a pioneer labor relations expert, was retained. He worked with the men and granted those who wanted one, an independent union. There hasn't been a strike since.

But one lesson was learned. Frequently, the original irritation springs not from the company executives, not



Ford operates a hospital with 12 doctors at its Rouge plant

from the topside, but from the foremen's echelon down on the working floor itself, where the supervisors and the men are in hourly contact.

This lesson, however, was slow in spreading. Only today hundreds of companies are studying their foremen problem. It is estimated that industry will spend some fifteen million dollars in 1949 to train and develop better foremen and give them an understanding of skilled personnel relations.

But men live by more than bread alone. That's why many company personnel managers are working overtime to keep their working staffs in good humor, relaxed and filled with thoughts of the after-working hours.

Up in Gardner, Mass., the Heywood-Wakefield company has hired a private photographer to visit workers' homes and shoot portraits of youngsters on the theory that supplying the family with an album of kiddie pictures makes good will. Parents working for the firm get a set of photos for framing.

Still another corporation is fully aware of the lure of rod, reel, and an idling boat. So it runs fishing contests. Every hopeful participant must bring his catch to the plant guards for weighing and measuring.

Another outfit caters to green thumbs and runs regular garden contests right on the plant grounds—with every patch judged for arrangement, cleanliness, size, quality, and value of plants and vegetables.

Sometimes it's the little thing that counts. Many a girl dressed for a date has stormed at rainy skies which threaten a new beflowered bonnet. So, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., which has many a young lady among its thirteen thousand white-collar workers in its home office alone, has started an umbrella service. When it rains, employees can borrow an umbrella from the stock available to each department.

OTHER companies, other techniques. There's always danger of boredom and job fatigue. To relieve the day's routine, the General Aniline and Film Corp. has run "Quinch" games at lunch time—a sort of quiz contest in the plant cafeterias. Correct answers mean free meals.

From my friend Fred Atkinson, ex-Army Air Transport manpower chief, and now R. H. Macy v.p. in charge of personnel, I pass on the splendor of their tar beach.

Last summer, Macy's opened a roof garden on the twentieth floor, with "gay flower boxes, green shrubs, candy-colored chairs and benches" far above the unmiraculous Thirty-fourth Street in New York City.

Some Macy-ites play cards, some sit and chat over sandwiches and cold drinks at lunch, still others sun bathe or escape the heat in the shade of large awning-covered sections.

Company "gifts" come in many forms. Holiday parties for the eighteen hundred workers at New York's fabulous Radio City provide gay hours for the cleaning women and porters and their families—with entertainment "imported" from Rockefeller Center's Music Hall.

Perhaps the most curious "gift" of all is recounted in the "Case of the Cleaning Women's New Look."

Some time ago, a union delegate walked into the modernistic office of the Center's personnel director—and asked the startled executive to let down the hems of the uniforms supplied to the many women cleaners of the marble and alabaster skyscrapers.

Until then the personnel chief thought he had heard every conceivable union request. But he listened. And he approved.

► When you talk you are only repeating what you know, but when you listen you may learn something.
—J. F. McEVROY

It seems that with the crashing through of the now-accepted "New Look" the length of the average woman's slip was increased by several inches.

Most of the cleaning women had to ration their income. Now that the few slips they had were too long and came down below the hem of the regulation uniforms supplied them, they were faced with spending a few extra dollars to buy new undergarments they couldn't afford.

So the august Radio City dropped the hems of its uniforms, and the charwomen had a few extra dollars to spend on more vital items because they could wear their slips fitted to the longer New Look uniform.

It is such almost imperceptible actions that make working people everywhere feel they're more than cogs despite the gargantuan size of the plants they work in. The accent is on dignity—as it was with the International Harvester Co., when it devised its new hiring policy below that not-so-great divide, the Mason-Dixon line.

At Harvester's comparatively new plant in Memphis these days, after long discussions with industry and civic leaders and wide newspaper advertising, the company began hiring. All applicants, regardless of color, came to a central waiting room where they learned that Negroes would be placed

in all departments. Several thousand Negroes were hired that way and to date there have been no repercussions. The community had accepted the company and its practices.

And so it goes in thousands of plants throughout America. With baby sitters and basketball leagues, with chess clubs and country clubs, with encouragement of after-hours social life, and with deep interest in those who have retired on pensions to comforts after a long working life, American industry is hitting back at those who have created deep suspicion about it over the years.

IT'S a long haul. Some workers still are suspicious of management, no matter how hard it tries.

Not "untypical" is the experience of one company which decided to spread a questionnaire among its employees to learn how they felt about the company and its policies. The questionnaires were sent to the worker's homes, with specific instructions that the forms be returned unsigned. Management later discovered that hundreds of its employees had devised all sorts of ingenious home-made tests to learn whether the envelopes or question blanks had secret identification marks on them.

But if this is not "untypical," at least it is not the rule. It must be remembered that labor and management have had their causes for quarrel in the past. There were, for example, such working rules as the following handed out by one large establishment.

"Store must be opened from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. the year round. Store must be swept, counters, bases, shelves and showcases dusted; lamps trimmed, filled, and chimneys cleaned; bins made; doors and windows opened; a pail of water, also a bucket of coal brought in before breakfast (if there is time to do so) and attend to all customers that call.

"The employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, being shaved at the barber's, going to dances and other places of amusement will surely give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity and honesty. Men employees are given one evening a week (off) for courting and two if they go to prayer meeting. After fourteen hours of work in the store, the leisure time should be spent mostly reading."

That was from the *Handbook of Rules for the Employees of Carson, Pirie, and Scott*—in 1857.

Almost one hundred years ago. We understand each other better now. We have different concepts of wages and hours and free time. The rules have changed. And if it weren't for the extremists on all sides, we'd be less suspicious of each other.



1 "Pilate . . . washed his hands, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just man.' . . . Then he handed Him over to be crucified"



2 "They led Him away. And, bearing the cross for Himself, He went forth to the place called 'The Skull'—in Hebrew, 'Golgotha'"

THE WAY OF SORROWS



3 As blood drained from His wounds and weariness added weight to His burden, He collapsed onto the pavement



4 Around some sharp corner of the street, on the fringe of the excited, carnival crowd, He met His mother





"They laid hold of a certain Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country, and upon him they laid the cross to bear it after Jesus"



6 *"There was no beauty in Him, nor comeliness; and His look was . . . hidden and despised . . . as it were a leper, and struck by God"*



7 *His strength wore out until the cross weighed on Him like a world. He staggered feebly and fell again*

8 *He was truly, "despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity"*



A
8 *"There was following Him a crowd . . . of women . . . lamenting . . . Jesus said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but for yourselves and for your children' "*





10 "The soldiers . . . took His garments and made of them four parts, to each soldier a part, and also the tunic . . . woven . . . without seam"

11 "They offered Him a draught of wine mixed with myrrh, which He would not take; and then crucified Him. It was the third hour"

12 "Jesus cried: 'Father, in-to Thy hands I commend my spirit' . . . and bowing His head, He gave up His spirit"



13 "There was a man named Joseph, of Arimathea . . . He . . . asked for the body of Jesus. And he took Him down"



A
14 "And Joseph, taking the body, wrapped it in a linen cloth, and laid it in his new tomb, hewn out in the rock. Then he rolled a large stone to the entrance"



by JOHN J. RYAN



April was a man named Kent

Hearing Kent's voice reminded Marcia of a long-ago

April, and she set out to recapture the past

THERE was a word to describe how Marcia Hunter felt. It was delicious, or better, precious. And then too, in a sinking moment on the train, perhaps it was terrified. But mostly it was delicious.

The bored conductor punched her commuter's ticket without looking at her. She gave a little sigh of relief when he had passed. This uneventful trip from Westchester, made so many times on hum-drum shopping trips, or with Ted when they got a baby sitter for the two boys and came into town for a show or dinner, was different this time. Everyone who looked at her, she felt, knew her secret. Knew and disapproved.

Marcia glanced at her reflection in the train window. The black silk faille dress seemed a little extreme here on the train, but she knew it would be smart in the cocktail lounge. Kent would notice it the moment she stepped inside the door. It was the sort of thing he would like. Unless he'd changed.

But men like Kent didn't change. They reached a high degree of poise and assurance when they were very young, and the rest of their life they merely polished their brilliance to a higher luster. They were more European than American, despite the fact that most of them had been born on Long Island's North Shore, or, like Kent, in English styled homes in Connecticut.

The reflection looked back at her serenely. She had been only healthy looking at twenty. She had never been pretty, but now at thirty she looked almost beautiful and not quite thirty.

She glanced at the tiny gold watch Ted had given her for Christmas. The train was a few minutes late. That was all right. People like Kent expected you to be a few moments late, not too

many, but a few. For a second she got a little panicky. Supposing he wasn't there? But the faint worry dissolved. He'd be there. It had been his idea.

She had been bored that morning with so much time on her hands. Ted was on his vacation and he had decided that morning to drive Danny and Ted Junior over to his mother's in Rye. She had declined to go in order to catch up on some sewing. But the sewing had been finished. The laundry sent out. The cleaning woman had done her work well, so there was little cleaning to do. The magazine hadn't interested her. Then the phone had rung.

"Hello. Is this Marcia? Marcia Connolly?" The voice was deep and with a clipped British effect. It was wispily familiar.

"Yes," she had answered. "This is Marcia." She ignored the reference to her maiden name. And in a moment she recognized the voice. Kent Farren.

"Marcia. This is Kent." A little flash of anger went through her that he assumed she still remembered him just from his first name. But it died. Why be angry? She had remembered him from just that. "What luck to have found you, Marcia. I had a girl check all sorts of places to finally turn you up."

"Well . . ." She hadn't known what to say. Everything that came into her mind sounded terribly banal. "How nice, Kent."

"Listen, Marcia, I simply must see you. I'll be in town only for a few hours. I'm flying to Europe tonight. You know I've been appointed to that food committee by the UN and I simply must get over there . . . do drive down and have a cocktail with me this afternoon."

There was a sense of urgency always in Kent's voice, and she still had the feeling that anything she would say would only be brushed aside and be considered as taking up his valuable time. But somehow she knew she would see him—fight against it or not—she would go to see him.

"Good," he said when she told him she'd manage to come. "Meet you at four at Charles? It's so good to hear you again Marcia. Four then?" He rang off.

So here she was after all these years slipping onto an afternoon train to meet the man she could have married but hadn't seven years before. She thought guiltily of what practical, lovable Ted might say if he knew, but she hastily put that thought away. Too often she'd had images of a remembered Kent, gay and fun-loving, Kent in tweeds playing golf with Lord somebody or other, Kent in the newsreels just landing with a report on something in China, or Kent in the business section of the *Sunday Times* writing of what his many interests were doing next, always something that sounded altruistic, like new apartment houses, but always projects that made money.

Well, she had to know, to settle this once and forever, get it out of her mind entirely. She certainly wasn't going to have Kent Farren haunting her the rest of her life. That was really why she was doing this thing. It was for Ted and the children in a way. So she could be more completely theirs. Not that they ever thought she wasn't—nor did she ever really think so herself.

But she couldn't fool herself. That was no excuse, she knew it. She was going to see Kent because she had to.

*Too often she'd remembered
a gay and fun-loving Kent*



She and Kent had been in love their last year in college and the year after.

Love? Well, something close. Something heady and crazy and very young. A mad round of expensive night clubs, the best seats at the best shows, yachting on the Sound. It had reached a delirious peak in April '41. Kent was sailing to South America on some kind of government business his father had fixed for him. He wanted Marcia to marry him and go along.

And she never knew quite how or just why, but at the last moment something wouldn't let her. She had backed out, and he had sailed alone. Yet there hadn't been an April since that Kent Farren hadn't been in her mind. Kent was April.

Tall, rawboned, boyish Ted had come into her life that summer. He was a young artist struggling for a toe hold in the advertising business. Being with Ted was like sitting beside a cool, slow stream. They were both easy going, had shared interests, and loved each other in a quiet, deep, enduring way. The children were part of it.

She thought of Ted now. What would he say if he knew. For a moment she pictured him in a terrible rage. But the picture was a false one. Ted would try and sit down and figure it out. Ted would be hurt but kind. He would try to understand because he loved her. He would be hurt though.

She tried to imagine Kent Farren being hurt by a woman. That image wouldn't come clear either. All she could see on the screen in her mind was Kent's eyebrow lifted, a cynical half-smile on his face, a gesture of dismissal toward anyone rash enough to believe they could penetrate him and wound. Kent had always acted as if he had pre-knowledge of how people acted in all situations. Nothing surprised him.

IF Kent knew how secretive she had felt about this rendezvous he would laugh. Marriage? What would that mean to him? He would find her fears faintly amusing. And children! Kent had always shown a faint distaste for children. And thinking back now, Marcia found it was hard to picture Kent as ever having been a child. He was the type that never seemed to have any youth earlier than the upper form at Groton.

The train slowed down and stopped at 125th Street. A middle-aged, weary-looking colored woman got on with three little boys, between six and ten, each wide-eyed with the excitement of getting on a train, each dressed in clean, starched little suits. Marcia moved over to make room for the woman, who thanked her quietly and with dignity.

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That reminded Marcia of another trait of Kent's that time had dimmed in her mind. He was always on committees to improve the lot of minorities throughout the world. His ghostwriter prepared ringing speeches for him on the brotherhood of man. He drew up many policies concerning the mass of underprivileged or persecuted. Yet she knew that not one of the swank hotels he owned throughout the country was open to Negroes. And privately he distrusted Jews, made senseless little jokes about them.

The train now plunged into the tunnel. In a few minutes she would be in Grand Central. And a few minutes after that she would be seeing Kent. He would be there just slightly ahead of her. He would be certain she would come. Odd, the thought had never occurred to her before, but women just didn't disappoint Kent Farren. He was too important, too wealthy—too much the movie version of the handsome and rich young man of affairs.

What would they talk about? Why, old times and . . . and what? The price of food in Westchester? Hardly. Kent only spoke of food in millions of tons and in terms of world markets. The

God breaks hearts to remake them.

—KATHERINE TYNAN

cute thing Ted Junior said his first day in school? Not to Kent Farren. Conversation had to be large, at the very least national in scope, or it had to sparkle and be clever, or he got bored and became rude.

The colored woman next to her opened a newspaper and Marcia glanced at it. It looked unfamiliar, and then she noticed that it was a tabloid-sized Negro paper probably published in Harlem. Then Marcia saw the picture. She borrowed the paper for a moment from the woman.

There on the front page was a picture of Kent. The story was brief but full of adulation. Marcia felt just a little sick reading it, for it too recalled an incident long forgotten but now vividly remembered. A Negro newspaper, possibly this same one, had once written a story on him the year after he had gotten out of college. It had quoted a speech he had made at a dinner in Washington where he had spoken vehemently about the rights of all men, all creeds, and all races to find a place in America.

Kent had shown the clippings to

friends with amusement. He had even laughed and circled the misuse of a word in the tribute. But this had been Kent the individual, not Kent the leader of the progressive world movements. Then, for the first time, it dawned on Marcia that he was actually two people—the real Kent and the manufactured, important, and wealthy Kent.

The train was slowing up now in the station, but Marcia hardly noticed. Her mind wouldn't stop this process now. It stripped Kent of his externals, things that made him, the money, the right schools, the position. There was nothing left. Kent without these things was nothing, vacillating, uncertain, shallow, even small. And Ted, who never had those things, was important, certain, and big.

THE train stopped quietly. Automatically Marcia walked onto the platform. The truth about Kent didn't matter—somehow it was something she had always known, something that had kept her, the last moment, from marrying him. But Kent was important to her. Kent had been spring in a year when she was young.

It might have been any of a dozen boys, but it had been Kent. Who didn't really matter. It was the time—not so much the person—a nostalgia for a time, something as indefinite as smoke. Silly, perhaps, to think that Kent or anyone could bring back the past and its tender innocence. Yet, Kent was the last link with those carefree days, and Kent was waiting at this moment only a few city blocks away.

She walked across the station slowly. She could see him—or she could take the next train back. Yes, Kent was April, a wonderful April of once-upon-a-time and perhaps a lost April. She glanced up at the big four-sided clock. There was still time to get a cab and to see him, still time.

But she knew, feeling old and tired in the realization, that she would not see him. And she knew why—for the first time—she knew that Kent, the man, meant less than nothing to her, she even disliked him somewhat. But Kent who was 1940, Kent who was April, was something else that perhaps never was—and certainly would never come again.

She started down the stairs to the train. She didn't feel delicious now, nor precious. She felt a certain tranquillity in the knowledge that Ted and the boys would be waiting for her. Perhaps they would find her a little more radiant—and not notice that she was too a little more sad.

For the moment when a girl becomes a woman at last is not always her happiest.

Mary Astor with Janet Leigh, June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor, and Margaret O'Brien, her daughters in "Little Women"

Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER



Margaret O'Brien and Elizabeth Taylor as Beth and Amy

The Fabulous Invalld

The immediate threat posed by television, added to an already heavy burden of woe, has started the Hollywood diagnosticians working overtime. Panaceas, remedies, and suggestions by the score have been offered to alleviate a condition that was brought on by the motion-picture industry's self-indulgence and astigmatic stubbornness.

In some quarters there has been an awakening, a delayed realization that the public is weary of crime, sophistication, and gilded sin. Some of the doctors have felt that a little fresh air in the sickroom might help. One such group, the Allied States Association, composed of small-town and neighborhood theater exhibitors, backs its views with cold, hard facts and figures.

After declaring that the principal trouble with motion-picture production today is that "most movies are designed to satisfy the taste of Broadway sophisticates and the professional reviewers," the Association cites examples. During 1948 the exhibitors found *The Fuller Brush Man*, *Green Grass of Wyoming*, *My Wild Irish Rose*, *Easter Parade*, *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*, and *Sitting Pretty* in high favor with their customers. By contrast, pictures like *Captain from Castile*, *Gentlemen's Agreement*, *The Miracle of the Bells*, *Arch of Triumph*, *Time of Your Life*, and *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* were rated failures.

This would seem to indicate that a majority of moviegoers prefer light, frothy entertainment. That is basically true, but the production of escapist fare is only half the answer. A steady diet of Lassie adventures or Technicolor

musicals would be as fatal as the recent concentration on crime stories and neuroticism.

The only sound and permanent cure is an intensive, intelligent, over-all readjustment of the Hollywood viewpoint. The public wants good movies, not cheap substitutes or imitations of last year's hits. Movies that offer healthy enjoyment and wholesome realism without undue concentration on the sordid or the morbid will lure audiences back into the theaters. *Joan of Arc* is setting new records according to reports in *Motion Picture Herald*. *Apartment for Peggy*, *I Remember Mama*, and others of like quality have also done the trick.

Realism, entertainment value, artistry—none of these need be sacrificed, but sordidness must go. Whether it be the satiny dishonesty of the sophisticated comedies or the more sensational approach that comes with glorification of crime, there is no place for it on the screen. Perhaps, now that the men who count the silver have spoken, Hollywood will listen.

Childhood Classic

One answer to the dilemma in which Hollywood finds itself may well be the production of more movies like *LITTLE WOMEN*. The latest screen version of the Louisa May Alcott classic is in the nature of a triumph for the advocates



Richard Widmark tutors Dean Stockwell in "Down to the Sea in Ships," tale of New Bedford whalers

of the family film. Admittedly its unashamed sentiment and occasional syrupy approach may prove a little too saccharine for the average adult, but it is just right for the family audience.

Fidelity to the original is an important factor in re-creating any popular story and, in this instance, producer-director Mervyn LeRoy has managed to adhere closely to the blueprint. Settings, cast, and adaptation are fused in a manner that should please even the most captious Alcott reader. June Allyson makes a splendid and convincing *Jo*, easily the most impressive acting she has done to date. Margaret O'Brien's *Beth* is outstanding, proof that the young star will bridge the difficult adolescent years without difficulty. Mary Astor contributes another of her brilliant characterizations as *Marmee*, while Elizabeth Taylor and Janet Leigh make their moments as *Amy* and *Meg* count. Even Peter Lawford rises to the occasion with a capable interpretation of the boy next door.

A steady diet of lavender and old lace, as it is presented in this thoroughly enjoyable Technicolor stereopticon, isn't the answer to the problem of shrinking movie attendance. But it is a welcome change from the blood baths and the neuroticism of recent years. Take the family, and you'll probably enjoy it every bit as much as they do.

Reviews in Brief

SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS makes the usual minor deviations from the Western formula with only mildly pleasing results. This time the setting is the Mexican border country during the Civil War when Confederate gangs used the area as a gun-running base. Reliable actors like Joel McCrea, Alexis Smith, Zachary Scott, and Dorothy Malone go through all the motions, but the story is trite and the excitements artificial. Even the Technicolor camera doesn't help this one much. (Warner Brothers)

MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN has unrealized possibilities for humor in the idea of a mother-daughter combination in a college classroom. But a film that might have been unusually clever resolves into a tedious romantic cliché with a baby-faced professor causing both generations to forget all about their homework. This never does earn more than a passing grade despite the expert timing of Loretta Young and the believable performance of Betty Lynn as her daughter. Van Johnson is the professor who seems to spend more time in romantic pursuit than dispensing knowledge, and Rudy Vallee is responsible for a few bright sequences as a stuffy ex-crooner from Yale. (20th Century-Fox)

Randolph Scott is entrusted with the herculean task of building the famous CPR in the sprawling, semi-exciting **CANADIAN PACIFIC**. In true movie style he does the job with a flourish and even finds time for two romances, one of which ends in the conventional fadeout embrace. A visually beautiful, action-packed affair, with a cast of reliables including J. Carrol Naish, Jane Wyatt, and Victor Jory, it will find first favor with the youngsters. (20th Century-Fox)

When **DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS** concentrates on action it is tense and interest-holding, but while it marks time with lengthy discussion, the effect is far less enticing. This salty tale of the New Bedford whalers has been diluted with an excess of sequences devoted to development of the principal characters. Excitement reaches a high pitch when the camera focuses on the capture of a whale, the menace of an ice field at Cape Horn, and the constant battle with fog. Picturesque photography, exceptionally fine portrayals by Lionel Barrymore, Richard Widmark, and Dean Stockwell, plus the intrinsic lure of the sea story make this an outstanding attraction for adventure lovers of every age. (20th Century-Fox)

James Mason, who has carved a career out of a menacing expression, does an about-face in his first American vehicle, **CAUGHT**. As a sympathetic doctor, he is capable though hardly sensational. But it would take a genius to overcome the crippling banalities of a plot in which neuroticism has run riot. Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Ryan also fall by the wayside in this over-melodramatic study that often transcends the regulations of good taste. (M-G-M)

The script of **STREETS OF LAREDO** seems to have been riddled with a few stray shots from the guns of its brigandish principals. At any rate it doesn't hold water, and all the frenzied efforts of players, director, and cameramen are fruitless. Characterization is poorly drawn, the action is spasmodic, and the general story line unconvincing. William Holden, Macdonald Carey, Mona Freeman, and William Bendix are as confused as the scriptwriters. For adults only. (Paramount)

The boy-and-his-pet theme is put to effective use in **THE RED PONY**, an appealing and convincing adaptation of a John Steinbeck novelette. A sensitive performance by Peter Miles, assisted by Myrna Loy, Louis Calhern, Robert Mitchum, and Shepperd Strudwick, is the main attraction in a film replete with clever touches and understanding moments. Technicolor enhances the ranch backgrounds and,

Elwood Smith plays the role of Blessed Martin de Porres in the Blackfriars' drama, "City of Kings"





Randolph Scott has a big job in "Canadian Pacific," story of the building of the famous railroad

though the main story threads are familiar, adults will join the youngsters in rating this well above average for its type. (Republic)

The soap-opera formula that has plagued radio listeners for so many years is transferred to celluloid in *A WOMAN'S SECRET*, a rather moth-eaten and unconvincing affair. The talents of Maureen O'Hara are completely wasted in a story that never quite rings true and a production that belongs in the second-choice category for adults. Murder, tragedy, romance, and jealousy are all tossed into the cauldron, but the potion never does come to a boil. (RKO-Radio)

The New Plays

Mae West, who has made her mark by concentrating on the single *entendre*, has dusted off one of her more sluggish vehicles and dared the public to come around and see it. That the revival of *DIAMOND LIL*, a vulgarly ridiculous melodrama, is a pronounced financial success is not surprising. It is a little disheartening though to realize that flimsy playmaking of this type can attract audiences while a good many fine productions fail for lack of popular support.

Anthony B. Farrell, an industrialist with theatrical ambitions, has been pouring his excess dollars into the production of musical revues like last season's *Hold It* and the current *ALL FOR LOVE*. Neither one has come within miles of the target. Mr. Farrell, no whit undisturbed, continues to underwrite his latest disaster. Clever comics like Grace and Paul Hartman, lavish settings, expensive costumes, and one striking ballet number are the assets, but all are overwhelmed by the paucity of genuine humor and the lack of a professional production touch. Mr. Farrell's intentions may be of the best. His money could have been channeled into worthier dramatic causes than this jumble of mediocrity. With the theater in its present state of moral quiescence, the Farrell fortune is serving misguided ends.

Once again the earnest and ambitious members of the Blackfriars Guild have refreshed jaded appetites with a vigorous, zealous application of theatrical artistry to a spiritual

theme. This time they are brightening the season with an inspiring and dramatically effective tribute to Blessed Martin de Porres in *CITY OF KINGS* by Father Urban Nagle. The story of Martin is dramatized with an understanding that makes the splendor of his life shine forth with an even brighter light. Father Nagle has written a fine play, and the Guild has given it a handsome production. Ellwood Smith is splendid in the leading role, and Jacqueline Levy gives a three-dimensional interpretation as his mother. Michael O'Hare and every other member of the hard-working cast contribute clear-cut performances, with a special nod due director Dennis Gurney for his expert staging. The settings of Floyd Allen, Irene Griffin's costumes, and the lighting provided by Joan Tyne also play a strong part in the success of a play that measures up to the best our Catholic theater has done to date.

Arthur Miller, whose *All My Sons* won both the Pulitzer Prize and the Drama Critics Circle Award, has another potential winner in his stirring *DEATH OF A SALESMAN*. Technically, it leaves little to be desired with skilled actors, director, designer, and Miller's own adept writing combining to provide a memorable drama. The playwright states his case admirably, but, when it comes to supplying a moral antidote for the problem he creates, Miller is adrift. His tragedy makes for powerful emotions, but the real, the basic, and most tragic feature of the story is the barrenness of his character's spiritual side. He strives for money, for comforts, for material success and, when that vanishes and the hope of attaining it dies, there is nothing left but suicide.

Miller is partially successful in his effort to strip away the covering of the American dream of fame and fortune. He is a writer of great power and considerable insight, but he has yet to acquire the perspective that will lift his dramas above mere technical skill. Elia Kazan has directed the play with his usual brilliance and Jo Mielziner's imaginative setting is in the proper spirit, suggesting both the frowziness of the background and the somber tone of the script. Lee J. Cobb, as the salesman, fulfills every demand made upon him in a superb bit of playacting. Much the same can be said of Mildred Dunnock, as his wife, and Arthur Kennedy, as the son he idolizes. Cameron Mitchell, Thomas Chalmers, and Howard Smith are outstanding in the uniformly excellent supporting cast. This is a strong play with deft characterization and an admirable simplicity. Unfortunately, it has only half a message.

Dancing with Rudy Vallee, Loretta Young has her mind on someone else in "Mother Is a Freshman"





Fr. Caspar, C. P., and Father Wendelin, C. P. (in back), at bombed-out school of Sisters of Charity, Yuanling, China

The Sisters Rebuild

by

**CASPAR CAULFIELD,
C.P.**

MET people the day their house burns down and you'll have a bit of a home in your heart for them ever after. At least, that is the way I feel about the Sisters of Charity and the girls of their Catholic high school in Hunan, China.

Eight years ago I met the Sisters for the first time, a thousand miles from the coast, in Southwest China. Stepping through the gateway of their school enclosure, without a suspicion of what lay behind those walls, I was stricken motionless. Before me lay an acre of smouldering ruins. Chunks of wall balanced crazily in the sky. Flower beds smothered in broken tile. Blackened timbers feathering smoke into the air. Far down the enclosure against the rear property wall was a lean-to of straw mats. Under this shelter the Sisters were sitting at dinner.

Sister Patricia Rose spotted me first. Her hospitality is of the Irish kind, and no sooner had she greeted me than she was digging into the little things saved from the fire to find me something to eat. She discovered a jar of preserved cherries.

The other Sisters told what had happened.

"Incendiary bombs," said Sister

Theresa Miriam. "Yesterday the Japanese bombed the school. When we heard the alarm, we put our new sewing machine and the school records away from the buildings in the flower garden. Then when the fire started we forgot all about them. We were so excited we rushed into the building and saved the old sewing machine, and the building fell on the new machine and burnt it. We lost everything. Look," she said, and pointed to two little chicks pecking at the edge of the rubble, "these two chicks hatched out yesterday during the fire. They are all we have."

"Sister Finan in America will feel so bad," said Sister Mary Teresa, the Chinese nun. "But with the help of God we will keep going," said Sister Maria Loretta. "Bishop O'Gara has arranged for us to use some of the sheds of the refugee camp for the school."

The first obstacle to be overcome was the refugee camp. Sister Jane Marie says of it, "Many an old barn in

rural America could be called palatial by comparison." She eulogizes its good points further. "Rough, broken planks, walls to which whitewash will no longer adhere, windows with no glass, doors without catch or knob, porous roofs through which the rain passes freely—such is our high-class, private, boarding school." Sister Jane Marie was a valued teacher at the College of St. Elizabeth at Convent Station, New Jersey. She completed her studies in Paris. What she does not say about the school is that the little cell she occupies as prefect of the girls' dormitory is only a frame of boards set against the slant of roof.

There are visits occasionally from the authorities of the Bureau of Education of Hunan Province. These good gentlemen sip tea in the reception room ornamented with poles supporting the roof beams. Then they are conducted down dark passages to the classrooms with the caution, "Look out, there's a step-up here. Look out, step carefully over this drain." While the students make their speeches, the inspectors study the crude walls and the earthen floor and the rough benches serving as desks. Their impressions are expressed in a series of letters which say, politely, "The Bureau of Education is impressed with the scholastic standing and good discipline of your students, and praises the high learning of your teachers, but the school building is entirely unsuitable."

Last year a letter came which said, "Unless you build a suitable high school within a year, your registration will be withdrawn."

Too, the Japanese planes were an anxiety that severely taxed the endurance of the Sisters. It was hard to keep high school classes in session with air alarms sounding every day. Regularly at eight o'clock in the morning the first warning would come. This meant flight to the hills outside the city where the students would remain in hiding till late afternoon. The Sisters hiked and ran with the girls on each hasty exit and remained with them on the sunburnt hillsides.

The greatest test of the Sisters' ability to maintain a high standard of conduct for their students arose over the relative of an official. This girl, a refugee from a distant part of China, was niece to the local magistrate. She was bold, neglectful of her studies, and heedless of the traditional Chinese restraints in dress and manners expected of young girls. The Sisters warned her, tried to win her by special attention and by giving her parts in the school plays, but finally dismissed her because of the bad influence she was having on the other students. The Chinese teachers were horrified at this disregard of the "face" of a magistrate. They predicted the

THE SIGN

direst consequences. The very least that could be expected was that the girl's uncle would close the school. The magistrate was hostile for a while, but with the ending of the war he was transferred. The judgment of the people on this affair was manifested the following year when parents sent their daughters from as far away as five hundred miles to study with the Sisters.

STILL there was no suitable building. What made need acute was the discovery that the graduates were a great asset to the Church. Bishop O'Gara had foreseen this when he encouraged the Sisters to open the high school in 1939. Loyalty and deep faith were to be found among the Catholic women of China, but without education they could not join the sisterhoods, nor could they be nurses or teachers of religion in the schools, and it was doubtful if they would ever be accepted in marriage in the higher levels of Chinese society where Catholic influence is so badly needed. Christ loved the poor above all others, but He also rejoiced at the Centurion's faith. And a bishop's care is to make sure that the Church reaches all classes.

The first graduates of the high school revealed the value of their Catholic training in a whole new range of careers. One became a Sister of Charity. The people of her home village at Cool-Water-Well are tremendously impressed with her educational accomplishments. The fact that a native daughter is a Sister has made the villagers well disposed toward the Catholic Church. The little girls, when asked what they want to be when they grow up, say "Like elder sister 'Jo-Jo'"—the name by which they refer to Sister Ann Assunta.

Another student became a technician in the hospital, able to do blood counts and identify germs under a microscope. The window before which she worked was visible to the hospital yard and became a major attraction, with passers-by dragging in their friends to see "the girl who can magnify things ten thousand times."

The new school for nurses at the Yuanling Catholic Hospital was opened as a direct result of the better education being given Catholic girls at the Sisters' high school. Formerly it was impossible for Chinese girls to hope to be nurses, as they could not master the difficult studies prescribed by the Chinese Government. Now thirty-three student nurses are in training with the Sisters at the hospital.

A number of the graduates of the high school have become teachers, some in the country schools, others in the

mission stations as catechism teachers for Chinese women. One girl named "Ma-Li-Ya," or Mary, has done particularly well in this type of career. She mastered the Chinese literary language at school and now she spurs on her catechism pupils by reading them stories from the lives of the saints.

Another girl who surprised the Sisters is named Domitilla Lee. She made the trip from a distant mountain village to take the entrance exams and began by flunking. The Sisters realized that a first failure may be due to poor instruction in the country schools, so they gave Domitilla a second chance. She turned out to be one of the best girls the Sisters ever had. During vacation time she instructed her family in the catechism, and before long she brought the whole Lee clan to Father Cyprian for baptism. Her home then became a mission station.



Education—China's great hope

The greater the good done by the high school, the greater seemed to be the obstacles to constructing a suitable building. Chinese currency went bad, and as the cost of materials for building mounted to a hundred times more than their original value the case seemed hopeless.

Another serious drawback developed during the war with the presence of so many refugees from distant provinces in the city. The street adjacent to the school property became known as a tea-house district, frequented by gamblers and mah-jongg players. The location was outside the city wall as well, so the Sisters decided it would no longer be suitable for a school for teenage girls. But if not there, then where? Chinese inheritance laws make it almost impossible to purchase large tracts of land. An estate is divided equally among all the children on the death of parents. The children in turn divide their portion equally among all their heirs at death, so that eventually it comes about that property is divided among a dozen owners, all of whom

own just a few square feet. Negotiation for the purchase of a sizable plot of ground becomes almost impossible. With a threat of closure of their high school hanging over their heads, no land, and no money, things were looking their darkest for the Sisters.

Yet it was imperative to build or the Government would close the school.

With a prayer to Divine Providence to find a way, the Sisters called a meeting of the Board of Directors to consider their dilemma. The heart of the matter was the question of land, and in their distress of mind over this point, the Sisters asked a priest member of the Board to explain this difficulty to the Bishop. His Excellency pondered over the problem. He too had known distress of mind for years over the hard lot of the Sisters. This problem called for a sacrifice.

Behind the church was a large field designated for hospital construction. Bitter difficulties had been experienced in acquiring the land. With one sentence the Bishop yielded this hard-won prize.

"Tell the Sisters, Father, that I give them permission to use the property in the rear of the church for rebuilding the high school. I'll keep the hospital on the main street of the city."

This handsome offer fanned to white heat the enthusiasm needed to strike away other obstacles. Investigation brought to light the fact that a million bricks would be needed for the new building. To bake them would take one year. The workmen refused to bargain in terms of currency. So with a prayer to the Lord of the Harvest to make sure there would be a harvest, the contracts were signed for twenty-seven bushels of rice per ten thousand bricks.

FATHER Ernest Hotz, C.P., a missionary skilled in architecture, was appointed by the Bishop to assist the Sisters in planning the new school and supervising its construction. All through the Fall, workmen under his direction dug the foundations and poured cement for the footings of the walls. At present the building is above ground to the level of the first windows. Construction will continue for at least a year.

The money—where will it come from?

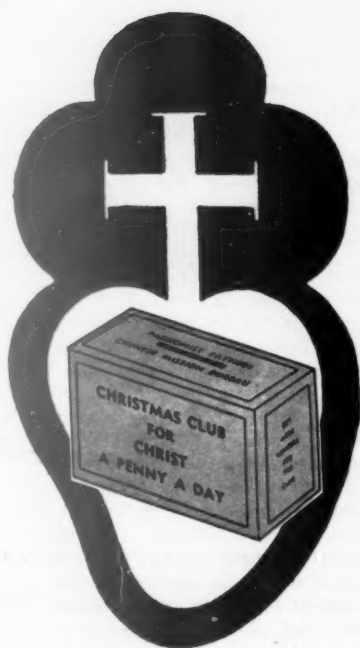
Sister Maria Loretta said the day the school burned down, "With the help of God we will keep going." The Sisters are doing God's work, and they confidently expect that God and His many friends will help them.

Will they succeed with faith like this?

Well, from what I have seen, my advice to you is, "Put your money on the Sisters!"

Christmas Club for Christ

Penny-Pinchers for Passionists



Penny-a-Day Bank

Happy are we Passionist Missionaries when the daily mails bring to us hundreds of friendly communications from the members of our Christmas Club for Christ. Why should we not be thrilled when we think seriously of the thousands of generous souls who yearly are Pinching Pennies for the Mite Boxes, helping immensely God's work in China. We submit some friendly letters.

Reverend and dear Father:

This is just to say that I think the Penny-Pincher for Christ idea is wonderful! Please enroll me in your Christmas Club. I shall strive to spread the idea among my family and friends. May I wish you Missionaries continued success in your magnificent work for Christ.

Sincerely,

Dear Father:

A few weeks ago my two sons, Joseph, 12 years, and Bartholomew, 4 years, enrolled in your Penny-a-Day Christmas Club for Christ.

Having the responsibility of helping the Missionaries has made the boys more eager to do their daily tasks well so that they can earn more. Bartholomew said he is going to try to earn money enough next year to provide a turkey, or at least a chicken dinner—not just a bowl of rice. He is not very fond of rice.

Thank you very much for the Sunday Missals.

Sincerely,

Dear Reverend Father:

Every day I read in the newspapers of the ruthless exploits of the Communists in China, and my heart goes out to the Missionaries whose lives are made miserable by such insecurity. There is very little we in the United States can do in a material way to help the Missionaries, and the innocent, victimized Chinese, in their battle against Communism, famine, and disease. Of course, the Government is sending rice, but this meager supply will never be enough to feed millions of Chinese. We can send a few dollars now and then. But it is like putting a drop of water in a hole-riddled bucket.

I'm afraid a few dollars will not help much. Nevertheless, I am enclosing what I can spare at the mo-

ment. Perhaps through God's beneficence these dollars will multiply enough to aid some Missionary and his little flock. Maybe God will perform another miracle as He did with the loaves and fishes. I sincerely hope and pray this will happen.

Wishing you much success in your labors for the Chinese people and for the Church in China, I remain
Very truly yours,

Dear Father:

My three youngsters, Daddy, and I make the Penny-a-Day box a "fines" box for delinquency on our part. Forgetting to put out lights, failing to do daily tasks, and, on mother's part, speaking too sharply or rather impatiently.

Many times, however, the youngsters just voluntarily put a part of their small allowances in the box.

Sincerely,

Today, more than ever, Missionaries need your generous, charitable support. God's Church and His children suffer world-wide persecution.

Join our Christmas Club for Christ. Be a Penny-Pincher for Passionists. A penny-a-day for the missions will hardly be missed by you, but pennies will do much for God and souls. Fill out and mail the coupon to the Passionist Missions in China, P. O. Box 41, Union City, New Jersey.

Please Get New Members for our Christmas Club

Passionist Missionaries, The Sign, Union City, N. J.

Dear Father:

The undersigned request enrollment in your Christmas Club for Christ. Send Mite Boxes.

Name.....

Street.....

City, State.....

Name.....

Address.....

City, State.....

**A
Penny-A-Day
For
The Missions**

RADIO and TELEVISION

by DOROTHY KLOCK

College by Radio

Although all the radio networks lay claim to giving their listeners many educational services, the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company have devoted conspicuous amounts of time and energy to organizing educational projects on the air. In the case of Columbia, this organized educational work is now, most regrettably, a thing of the past. The Columbia School of the Air, heard for many years in classrooms and homes throughout the country on a daytime, half-hour basis, five times a week, is no more. CBS feels that this kind of educational radio can best be supplied by local or regional stations. On the contrary, the National Broadcasting Company's *University of the Air* continues on the network, offering the listener stimulus for his intellectual curiosity and, in connection with some of the programs, the opportunity of earning credit toward a college degree.

The *University of the Air* has survived a series of waves of interest on the part of NBC officials. In its early days, dramatic series titled *Lands of the Free* and *We Came This Way*, brought history into the living room on Sunday afternoons. The enterprising listener could secure for twenty-five cents a handbook which gave him background information about the event dramatized and a modest bibliography for supplementary reading.

Now, the *University of the Air* is charting new fields to conquer. The dial twister in the chair by the fireside is offered a radio course in literature, another in music, a third in current social problems, and a fourth in world politics, or in economics in the modern world, if he prefers. The *NBC University Theater* is the literary venture; *Pioneers of Music*, *Living-1949* and the *University of Chicago Round Table* are the other titles, respectively.

Of these, the most familiar program

is, of course, the *University of Chicago Round Table* which, in radio chronology, is practically hoary-bearded. Heard each Sunday afternoon from 1:30 to 2:00, E.S.T., it has been broadcast literally hundreds of times. Although many of the discussions might rightly be called too esoteric for the average listener, it has built a wide and discriminating audience. Recently, NBC has announced that the University of Chicago has prepared a home-study course in connection with the broadcasts. This course, open to all who are interested, is classified as an "adult education course" carrying no college credit. It may be begun at any time. In return for a registration fee of \$25, the home student receives study materials and exercises based on the subject matter he elects by choosing one of the two courses offered, "World Politics" or "Economics in the Modern World." His educational investment brings him fourteen lessons containing introductory material and questions, a package including all authoritative, assigned books and pamphlets, copies of the relevant current Round Table pamphlets (offered weekly to any listener for a small fee) and, most important of all to the ambitious fireside student, personal replies from a competent instructor for each of the fourteen written lessons which he must send in to complete the course. Upon satisfactory completion, the University of Chicago will issue an appropriate certificate.

Living - - - 1949

For less ambitious but equally socially minded listeners, there is the *Living-1949* series, broadcast also on Sunday afternoons, from 4:35 to 5:00, E.S.T. This series was begun last year when it was, of course, *Living-1948*. It deals, in documentary fashion, with such topics as Congressional investigations, the history of presidential inaugurations, the "no children" phrase in rental

advertisements, the problem of rats in relation to health and food wastage, and even so light and yet so heavy a topic as the influence of women!

In a well-conceived move to increase the use of radio programs as a resource in adult education, the Bureau of Adult Education of the New York State Education Department is co-operating with NBC in a state-wide project. Libraries and adult education leaders are encouraged to form local discussion groups. They will be supplied with free materials including advance data, bibliographies connected with the topics of the broadcasts, and posters pertaining to the *Living-1949* series.

Pioneers of Music

The musical aspect of the NBC *University of the Air* project may be heard by listening to *Pioneers of Music* on Saturday afternoons from 3:00 to 4:00, E.S.T. The current series began on February 5 and will end on May 28. Its aim is to trace the development of music through its pioneers from the seventeenth century to the present day. Each week the broadcast originates from a different part of the country, thus giving a network hearing to symphony orchestras from the east to the west coast. In April, the Pittsburgh Symphony will be heard on April 2 and April 9, the Rochester (N. Y.) Philharmonic on April 16, the Oklahoma Symphony on April 23, and the Duluth Symphony on April 30. In May, the programs will come from Provo, Utah, from Santa Monica, California, and from the Eastman School of Music Symphony Orchestra in Rochester, N. Y.

University Theater

Perhaps the most ambitious project of the NBC *University of the Air* and the one which has received the widest co-operation from college officials is the *NBC University Theater*. Courses based on listening to this series, carrying university or college credit, are now being offered by the University of Louisville in Louisville, Kentucky; Washington State College in Pullman, Washington; Kansas State Teachers College; and the University of Tulsa in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The programs originate from Hollywood on Sunday afternoons from 2:30 to 3:30, E.S.T., and usually feature some "name" star. They consist of dramatizations of classics chosen from Anglo-American literature ranging from *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift to Edith Wharton's *The Age of Innocence*.

Actually, the *NBC University Theater* is not a very new program. It first went on the air last summer and, at that time, the University of Louis-

A spiritual thought for the month



The Book on the Hill

by

WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

HE HAD said that being lifted up, He would draw all men to Himself. Now it was done. As the upright of the cross thudded into the hole prepared for it, His prophecy was fulfilled. Every eye on Calvary was lifted up to Him, drawn to that central figure of triumphant death. Who could have resisted that spectacle? Certainly not the curious on the fringe of it all, imagining they were merely spectators. Surely not the mob gone frantic in its thirst for blood; nor the victims of envy and greed who had plotted it all. The hardened executioners would have to make sure their work was well done. And the few friends, Mary, John, Magdalen, and the rest, how could they have denied Him the compassion that only their eyes could speak?

The eyes of all were lifted up. Up. Men had looked upward to see the cross; only the dying God there could look down. Men looked up to see the arms of divine mercy spread wide, nailed open against any doubting heart, open as the pages of a book. Men looked up to see the open book that could not be misread.

After the Holy Ghost had brought His divine supply of courage as well as wisdom, the hurrying feet of the Apostles rushed over the roads of the world pointing to the open book, preaching Christ Crucified. Thirteen centuries later, Aquinas' "My Book is the Cross" would be testimony to the adequacy of the divine text from one of the greatest minds the world has seen. After two thousand years, the book on the hill, wide open and with all eyes on it, still tells the story that is more than the mind of man can receive, bigger than the heart of man can hold, yet divinely simple enough for the grasp of a child.

Even now, for all life's hurry which blurs the pages of the book, so much is so clear. Each drop of blood falling slowly to the ground is a weight to measure the cost of sin; this is what it costs to undo sin. It takes three long

hours, the last in the life of God made man, to say what justice means, how inexorable are its demands. We could never have believed the soul of man so utterly inviolable had we not seen the waves of agony, mockery, desolation beating against the defenses of this Man and leaving Him unconquered. Here is what a man is worth: the life of a friend, even the life of a divine Friend torn from Him inch by inch that He make no mistake as to the price paid. This is what a man can do: forget himself, die for his friends, hold to the truth at whatever cost, keep his will uncringing before whatever threat, love God above all else.

Here, in the book on the hill, are written in action all the things that fill the dreams of men. There is gentleness in agony, forgiveness in the face of frightful injustice, thoughtfulness which even nailed arms cannot paralyze. Here is strength that will not be broken by the legions of Rome or the wiles of the crafty; uncompromising conviction that will not trade truth even for life itself; reckless love that counts opportunities rather than costs.

SO MANY lessons so close to our hearts! The helpless love of His mother, a love that can only stand and watch; the strength of her fierce pride and unrelenting joy that her Son dies so splendidly for His friends. There, contrition's sharp stroke kills death, while, beside it, impenitence makes fruitless the very prayers of God.

Lengthening through three hours, the shadow of the cross slowly covered the hill of Calvary; it fell over the heads and into the hearts of the men and women gathered there. But this was not for an hour, a generation, or even for an age. It was for all time, for all men. The shadow falls on everyone; each of us mills about that crowded hill to find our own place in the group of our choice. And all, every one, lifts eyes to the open book—and reads, hating the book or loving it.

ville conducted an experimental "college by radio" course, devoted to contemporary American fiction. The reports on the experiment, issued subsequently by Professor Harvey Webster of the English Department, must have encouraged other institutions to do likewise, as indicated in the list given above. Assigned reading and written reports make up the bulk of the home-study course in each case, in addition to listening to the broadcasts, of course. Enrollment fees vary with the college, and the amount of credit which may be obtained also varies. In some cases, the college or university has secured the co-operation of the local radio station affiliated with the National Broadcasting Company to the extent of having that station broadcast a discussion by a group of students taking the course. As you might expect, the discussion centers around the author or the literary period represented in the most recent *University Theater* broadcast.

You Ought to Know That . . .

EXPERIENCE SPEAKS is the title of a new program on the Mutual Broadcasting System on Friday evenings from 8:00 to 8:30, E.S.T. The idea of the show is to present, from every nook and corner of the country, guests who can personally narrate their own experiences, on the basis that truth is stranger than fiction. Affiliated MBS stations are invited to find people in their local areas whose personal histories would make good fare for the program.

BING CROSBY and RED SKELTON will be in the fast-growing CBS line-up next fall. Red will be heard on Sunday nights from 8:30 to 9:00, E.S.T. The Crosby hour has not been set yet but it is definite that if, as, and when Mr. Crosby appears on television, it will be on CBS Television.

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO KID SHOW, heard currently on the American Broadcasting Company's network on Saturdays at 11:00 A.M., E.S.T., has recently completed a contest designed to combat juvenile delinquency. To compete, boys and girls up to eighteen years of age were invited to write a letter of fifty words or less on the subject "What I Am Going To Do To Make My Home Town A Better Place To Live In."

YOURS TRULY, JOHNNY DOLLAR is the provocative signature on a new mystery-adventure series built by the Columbia Broadcasting System for ultimate commercial sale. It may be heard on Friday nights from 10:30 to 11:00, E.S.T.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Pax Romana

SOME MONTHS THERE ARE so many things to write about for this page that my typewriter cannot go fast enough to put them all down. And there are also questions that come crowding over me. Facts and questions are overwhelming me just now.

Perhaps it is because Father Keller's book has given me a sort of optimism greater than I had before I read those crowded pages—a feeling that the answer may be nearer than I thought. Recently I spoke to two groups of high-school age. To both I spoke of Father Keller's book and his scheme for changing the world. I spent only a few minutes on that, and yet next day when the classes were asked to put down what interested them most in my talk they, almost to a student, spoke of that.

The subject of young people makes me think of Pax Romana, that organization which in the years before the war drew young people of all nations together in Catholic affection. This year I saw a notice that the Inter-American Assembly of Pax Romana would be held in Mexico City.

I shall never forget the meeting of that organization which I attended. It was held at Fordham University, where a great outdoor altar had been built. On each side were grouped the flags of the nations represented there—England, all the American countries, Poland, Austria, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, and others. They made a fine sight as they waved gently in the evening breeze. I don't particularly remember the program, but I do remember the Benediction which followed, with young Catholics from many lands kneeling together before God in the Blessed Sacrament.

That night word came that war had been declared in Europe. Next morning I went to the Mass at the Fordham chapel which was to end the ceremonies. When the young people came in, it was clear they had lost the joyousness of the previous evening. But they went quietly into the pews set aside for them, where the flags of the nations to which they belonged were fastened.

The chapel was crowded when Mass finally began, and I thought it sadder than a Requiem. For many of these young people were enemies now or knew they would be before long. And then I thought with some comfort that at least this was one way in which they could still all be together—in the spirit and in the Faith. It tied up in some way, I thought, over the years to the Cardinal of Hungary saying Mass in his prison cell.

They separated after Mass, without saying much to each other. It took some of them a long time to get home and, when they did, no doubt many of them died in the war or went to concentration camps. Surely they carried in their hearts, during the cruel years that made them enemies because of national greed and pagan plotting, that day in the Fordham chapel when they came together before they went their separate ways—in the one place where they could still be together.

Our Social Conditions

AMONG OTHER THINGS which bothered me in February, which is Catholic Press Month, is why more

Catholic magazines do not have articles about the social crimes committed in our land. Why do we leave it to the *Post* and *Collier's* to speak about the harsh conditions that cause many disasters because politics make it possible for men to die when simple laws would make them safe? Surely such things are a part of the social justice of which we speak so glibly, and perhaps the politicians are not all Protestants either. And why don't we, who read about such things in the secular press, write to our Congressmen about them? I am sure that Our Lady, one of whose titles is Mirror of Justice, would be willing to leave unpublished just a few of the articles on Fatima and see that her clients got a better deal in living.

And it is not entirely true that our Catholic magazines do not sometimes carry articles with such content. Perhaps the trouble is that magazines and writers don't get together and change legislation instead of merely writing and talking. And, may I add, all these thoughts are chiefly being sent out to the rest of you because of the pages of *You Can Change The World*.

Publicized Converts

AS FOR ANTI-COMMUNIST agitation, I am all for it; and I honor those who come from Communist camps into the Church. I think it a wonderful story that one reason Mrs. Kasenkina became a Catholic was because the two Orthodox factions—the old and real and the Soviet group—bothered her so by insisting she belong to them that she asked for a Catholic priest. She evidently wanted the truth, but also she wanted peace and found it in the church of the Eastern rite.

But I do grow rather weary of the shouts which greet the converts from the ranks of the Reds. I think it wonderful that they have come into the Church, and I hope they find true peace and love there. But somehow I wish that the other Catholics would not listen so eagerly to the message they bring. It is after all the Church that has the message worth listening to. We already know Communism is wrong.

There were Catholics who were misled by Mussolini. There were even some who in the early days of Hitler spoke rather nicely about him. But is there really one Catholic who has to be told about Communism? So I think that for these converts it would be better if they confined their words to the FBI and, instead of so much public talking about the evil comrades of yore, did what converts with more boring pasts do—teach or go into jobs in business.

I am not trying to be funny.

I know how hard it is not to talk after you have come into the Church. In fact, I know one born Catholic, no doubt weary of converts' good advice, who thinks there should be a cooling-off period of three years for all of them. This has its merits as a suggestion, but of course I did not do that either. I began with pen and voice as soon as I was safely in, no doubt irritating by my assurance some born Catholics who wished the parvenu would cease and get back to her prayers. But after all there is an excuse, for there is welling up in us a desire to talk about the wonderful life into which we have entered.

Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

RUSSIA'S RACE FOR ASIA

By George Creel.
Bobbs-Merrill.

264 pages.
\$2.75



George Creel

Russia's Race for Asia is another shocker about that truly shocking thing, United States foreign policy. Not that it astonishes us as a collision with new fact.

Unfortunately the fact is old, well-known fact, but none the more savory for that. The old frightened toadying to Soviet Russia is undraped again, the old infantile credulity in the vows of Stalin and his puppets, the old hypocritical bad faith toward sworn friends; beginning at Yalta and brought up to date. Only here the focus is China. In the past it has been Poland, Finland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and any number of others.

A reader well informed about contemporary Chinese history may take issue with Mr. Creel's interpretation of isolated facts or with the precise pattern of some of the historical sequences which he traces. But the general drift of his argument is confirmed by recent expert opinion, which has had a hard time shaking off publicity shackles and getting across to the public. This opinion is that China foreign policy has been shaped by "pink" foreign correspondents and State Department fellow travelers to defeat every effort of Chiang Kai-shek to build up a peaceful and economically sound nation. It has been shaped with equal deliberation to guarantee that China with its vast manpower and resources will be added to the Soviet round table. We are, at the moment, witnessing in the nationalist debacle what may well be the final evolution of the plan which inspired that policy.

The author treats all the major elements of this American-engineered disaster. President Roosevelt, with a sick mind and sick ethics, signing over Chinese territory to Stalin. General Stillwell, dreaming up useless military campaigns and making bad feeling and suspicion with his notoriously vulgar

tongue. General Marshall, calling off Chiang every time he had the Communist army set up for a knockout. President Truman displaying not only an ignorance of the Chinese question, but an ignorance even of his latest statement of his own policy with reference to it. Such is Mr. Creel's verdict; and it is backed by an enormous amount of supplementary evidence.

It may well be that when America loses its liberty as Poland and Hungary have, and as China is well on the way to doing, it will be able to trace its plight to this protracted diplomatic crime against China.

MARTIN TANSEY

STALIN & CO.

By Walter Duranty.

William Sloane Associates. \$3.00

261 pages.



Walter Duranty

When Lenin lived, at the peak of Communist Party control in Russia was the Central Committee. This being unwieldy, a steering committee was formed from the Central Committee, known as the Politburo. Under Stalin, the Politburo is no longer merely a steering committee. It controls the Central Committee. It controls the Communist Party. It controls Russia. And that is why it is so important for Americans to know something of the thirteen men who rule over a fifth of the globe.

Duranty's idea in writing the history of the Politburo and its thirteen members is that we Americans must see things in Russia as they are, not merely as we would want them to be. It was his intention to give only facts and rigidly to refrain from any moral judgments.

The facts alone contained in these pages are worthwhile, for Mr. Duranty has had access to sources and some twenty years of Russian experience and contacts to draw on. But it would seem that Mr. Duranty's own judgment on the Kremlin clique is still very much on the benign side.

Mr. Duranty does not think Stalin

intends to go to war. He gives reasons that are impressive. He thinks that America and Russia must get together, try to understand one another in order to insure peace. And on this, no one would seriously disagree. He thinks when Stalin dies, no dictator will succeed him, unless there be a war; rather the Soviet system is against autocracy. And this we can somewhat dubiously hope for. He does not see the members of the Politburo even as "reckless adventurers," let alone as criminal despots. And at this we are inclined to whistle.

In a word, Duranty gives many worthwhile facts and worthless opinions. And it might be a good idea for Duranty to reread his opus and see if he did refrain from moral judgments. Or should we say, amoral judgments?

MARION DUDLEY ATHERTON

THERE'S FREEDOM FOR THE BRAVE

By Paul McGuire.

309 pages.

William Morrow Co.

\$4.00



Paul McGuire

"Murder," says Mr. McGuire, "seems a trifle redundant if the potential victim may presently blow out his brains." The potential victim in this case is the World, and in particular the United States. Why should

the prospective murderer, Soviet Russia, bother to attack us if we are going to destroy ourselves by our own stupidity? Such is the warning this book hopes to give. It tells the American people to shun the folly of isolation and to assume their position of responsibility as the world's leading nation.

As a book and as a warning this volume is a disappointment. It is filled with vague generalities — "broad strokes," Mr. McGuire calls them — which seem to this reviewer to fall considerably below the level of American high school intelligence and historical knowledge. There are three chapters devoted to America and the American people, but appreciation of the feel and content of American history seems

singularly lacking. The author writes with keen intelligence and insight about Western Europe and Russian Communism. A bit more attention to those whom he is addressing as the prospective saviors of the world would seem to be indicated.

Mr. McGuire, Australian by birth, is a political economist and historian who has served as observer and special correspondent at some of the chief post-war conferences and at sessions of the United Nations. The value of his chapters on Europe, Russia, and Communism, and his insistence on the necessity for Catholic life and action deserve a better setting and presentation.

HASTINGS BLAKE

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION

By Herbert Brucker. 307 pages.
The Macmillan Company. \$4.00



Herbert Brucker

Mr. Brucker, editor of the *Hartford Courant*, writes about the function of the press in a democratic world. He begins with the solid premise that men cannot rule themselves successfully unless they have access to factual information about the things which affect their lives. The citizen who does not know what to vote for is as handicapped politically as the citizen who is not permitted to vote. Mr. Brucker proceeds to consider the maximum of information which the press should give the citizen in various circumstances, and a method by which the press can be guaranteed to give that maximum of information.

The author displays great familiarity with the field of journalistic history and a fine brand of faith in the democratic principle. Obviously he writes with great integrity of purpose. His question, however, is largely a moral one; and he brings to it no better an instrument than the current assumptions of expediency. For instance, he asks the question: To what extent should military affairs be reported during war time? A report has news value only on the supposition that it is an essentially adequate report. The public would not read it otherwise. So the real question is: To what extent is it moral to pretend that a report is essentially adequate, when it is not (as must be the case with much wartime reporting)? The answer to that realistic question is: It is never moral, for it is a lie. You cannot rightly eat your cake (withhold essential adequacy) and have it (retain the news value.) The only way to sustain journalistic punch in the circumstances is to pretend to a

a new book by Thomas Merton Seeds of Contemplation

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Seeds of Contemplation is priced at \$3 and published by New Directions, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City, who also publish Thomas Merton's books of poetry—*A Man in the Divided Sea* (\$2.50) and *Figures for an Apocalypse* (\$2.50).

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completeness which is utterly fictional. That is actually what is done. The author seems to condone what is done without seeing its moral implications. His decision is based rather on the demands of artistic necessity than on the demands of truth.

In this otherwise excellent book, there are raised questions which call for more professional moral science than the other questions call for professional journalistic science.

HENRY EDWARDS

THE GREAT BOOKS: A CHRISTIAN APPRAISAL

A Symposium edited by Harold C. Gardiner. 112 pages. The Devin-Adair Co. \$2.00

As an essential tool in imparting a truly liberal education, the Great Books program has received much attention during the past decade or so. The heart of the Great Books Foundation idea is that over a period of four years selected books that have had major impact on human thought and culture should be read and discussed. Unfortunately, the norm of criticism and appraisal has not always, or even often, been a Christian norm. And herein lies the need of this present symposium. As Dr. Robert M. Hutchins points out in the Foreword: "When some of the great masterpieces of the past are being read and studied from a pragmatic and even materialistic viewpoint, it is refreshing to find an appraisal of the Great Books and of their contribution to our civilization based on Christian concepts." It is not only refreshing; it is imperative.

And it might be pointed out that Christian concepts are imperative not only for an evaluation of Plato, Locke, or Adam Smith, but for an even partial understanding of Augustine, Aquinas, or Shakespeare.

The present symposium confines itself to the books covered in the first year's program of the Great Books Foundation. Father Gardiner has done a splendid job in his introduction in defining the issues, and the members of the symposium have done well a job that much needed doing.

DAVID BULMAN, C.F.

THE LION TAMER

By Bryan MacMahon. 224 pages.
E. P. Dutton. \$2.75

This excellent collection of short stories is a straw in the wind that young post-war writers have taken up the cudgel for real art and are driving out the psychic frustrations that have glutted the fiction market in recent years. Mr. MacMahon is no drooling sentimentalist. His tales, laid mostly in his native Kerry, are sturdy, and he is careful and even meticulous when he sets about spin-



LENTEN READING OR EASTER GIFTS?

We don't know which way to head this column: we do know that these three books are very well worth reading at any time of year!

Religion, true or false, is the dynamic element in any civilization, says **Christopher Dawson** in **RELIGION AND CULTURE** (\$3.50. Ready.) He takes Hinduism, Islam and the religion of ancient Egypt and the origin of Law and of Science as examples. Lastly, he brings home the importance of all this to us by showing that the great changes now facing the world will certainly overwhelm us—unless our religion again becomes the dynamic element in modern civilization. Not unlike what Our Lady said at Fatima, is it, when you come to think of it? And, speaking of Fatima, **Father Martindale** has been in Portugal for two months and came back with **PORTUGUESE PILGRIMAGE** (\$2.75. Ready.) This is an informal account of what he saw there—the countryside and the people, a few glimpses of their history, making a sort of background to the shrine at Fatima. Naturally, he went to Fatima itself. He calls it "the heart of modern Portugal," which sends out its power to the whole world. Father William A. Dowd, S.J., has just reviewed **ST. PAUL** by **Robert Sencourt** (\$5.00) in America. He says:

Drawing copiously on his knowledge of classical lore, Mr. Sencourt makes the man, his times and the scenes of his activity come to life with singular vigor and appeal. The New Testament tells more about St. Paul than about any other of its actors—with the sole exception of Our Lord—and the biographer fuses this material into a vibrant portrait set against the background of those stirring times. The lands through which St. Paul traveled are described with lavish detail, and an abundance of classical association is delightfully presented. Marked by freedom and freshness of touch, the book is addressed to laymen, not to experts, and it succeeds in its purpose of showing the Christian religion as a vital force transforming the individual and through him, the whole of Western civilization.

For a full list, suggestions for Easter presents, and so on, write to us and mark your letter Department 8.

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ning them. There is never much of a
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as the Guinness he loves. There is also
fine and gossamer-like limning. Take
Young Mari Li, the half-Chinese young
woman whose mother was Bridget
Collins, and, too, the fragile beauty of
the Holy Kiss, "a kiss snatched with
passion far outmatching the marriage
kiss which it exceeds by the same mea-
sure as the spirit transcends the body."

The author's canvas is small. Only
once does he skip across ocean and
continent to find a setting in Mon-
tana. True, he takes along a bit of
the "good turf" and it brings him luck,
so much so, that it would be interest-
ing to see him take flight again. Many
readers will be watching. And they
will be wondering too, if he can take
the measure of the strong and mighty,
as well as he has done of the meek and
humble.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT

UNION GUY

By Clayton W. Fountain. 232 pages.
The Viking Press, Inc. \$2.75



C. W. Fountain

The inside workings
of a young American
labor union, with its
bitter internal strife,
bickering over ideolo-
gies when not con-
fronted with the
common foe, manage-
ment, is a closed book
to the average citizen.

Welded to the autobiography of a
young punch-press operator in the
Chevrolet Gear and Axle plant is the
story of the growth of that lusty giant
of the CIO—the United Automobile
Workers.

Clayton Fountain, the author, was at-
tracted by the wage rates paid in
America's automobile center, Detroit.
His idealism, plus the depression, made
him an easy prey for the Communists.
His Americanism led him out of the
party after a brief honeymoon. During
the same period, he had become a mili-
tant member of the UAW-CIO.

His sojourn in the party was a mixed
blessing, for it proved to him that the
party's affection for the American
worker was merely a screen for its pri-
mary purpose of sovietizing America.
It was natural that he should gravitate
to the Reuther right-wing faction and
finally accept a full time "porkchopper"
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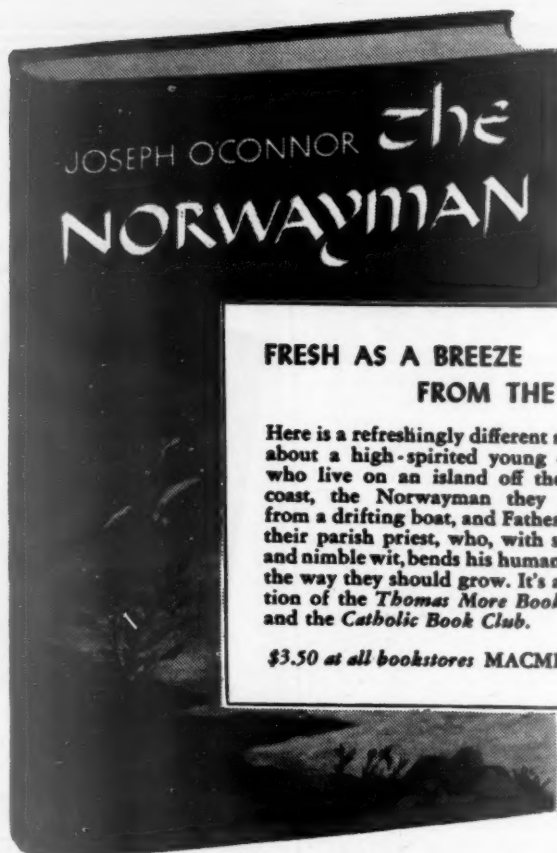
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will want to say them aloud. They
will want to read the verses and see
the pictures over and over . . . Mrs.
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Thomas Butler Feehey, S.J.

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bulent and raucous of conventions. Their history is the same. It could be duplicated on a smaller scale by other CIO unions which suffered Communist infiltration. Unlike the United Steelworkers-CIO, these unions had to forge their own leadership from the unleavened ranks of the masses—the untrained, the idealists, the opportunists, and the Communists. Intrigue and counterplot was the password.

The book is an A-1 case study on Communist tactics in CIO unions. And counter strategy too, as evidenced by the brilliant fight of Walter Reuther to take over the union. It should be added to the current list of forces which are affecting America. The only shame is that the author allowed his partisanship to mar an otherwise breezy recital by one slurring remark about the father of industrial organization, John L. Lewis.

JOSEPH P. CONLIN

VERSUS

By Ogden Nash.

Little, Brown & Co.

169 pages.

\$2.50



Ogden Nash

In times like these, that try men's souls far more than when the cantankerous stay-maker from Ipswich penned the memorable phrase, it is exasperating to a reviewer to scan all the technical printing excellence that has gone into the provoking of a snicker or of a giggle.

When indecency is arrayed delicately it becomes all the more painful to read. The ignorant, scrawled words of the desperate poor can be excused, but when a man of erudition and of literary ability, possessing a sense of humor and some right opinions, tries to steal the guffaw, and tries to pervert the snicker into an intelligent joke, then he is to be condemned by those who believe that purity is more than just a negative virtue.

Ogden Nash has received almost ecstatic reviews in the past from literary journals. These same journals have condemned the rather inchoate writing of those men who have tried to be good, but because Ogden Nash has been smart and clever in his writing, and because he has been dirty, they have lauded him.

Whenever Mr. Nash, as in *Versus*, has tried to sing of the joys of something decent, like fatherhood, he is naïve and embarrassing. He is at his grimy best when he transmutes the Leda legend to Ceylon, or when he imitates the comic verse of the Englishman, E. C. Bentley. It is a great pity to see this gentle, waspish, literary gentleman so seduced by his company that he mistakes their

claque for the applause of America. He has been hailed as an American humorist by some fuddled cocktail set, but one only has to set his writing against that of James Thurber, or even that of Dorothy Parker, to see how silly is that claim. He could be a minor poet, but this book just pushes his fame into unsavory places.

W. B. READY

DEATH BE NOT PROUD

By John Gunther. 261 pages.
Harper & Brothers. \$2.50



John Gunther

The story of the life of John Gunther, Jr., who died of a brain tumor at seventeen. A gifted lad, charming, attractive, kind, intellectually unusual and brilliant.

It is a sad book. More. It is a mystery for one who reads without faith in an all-wise God whose hidden wisdom ended a career before it had begun and asked of a youth the mature heroism few adults possess. Asked it, indeed, of a boy whose adolescent mind thought in terms of an agnosticism that really was a confession of belief in a supreme Lord.

Unwittingly, the book contains an indictment of our American educational system which accents the natural, the material, the scientific, and permits the spiritual to become vague and unreal. "Schools in this country make you callous and cynical"—a frightening statement from a gifted boy whose spiritual sensitivity made him ambitious to switch from applied to abstract mathematics to find a unifying principle in life. During the days of his illness, he turned to his mother who retained her fundamental Jewish faith in spiritual realities and discussed with her such topics as life, death, God, immortality, marriage, and divorce.

No one can read this book without being moved at the parents' grief and sorrowing with them as medical science failed to stay a disease which baffled the greatest specialists in the nation. But there is real joy too, at the graduation of Johnny Gunther from Deerfield Academy. Not as a favor for a very sick boy. But by right. All studies made up. All examinations passed. And fourteen months of illness had meant two brain operations, innumerable tests, wearying treatments. Even though tears may for a moment dim the printed word that recounts his triumph, the mind pays tribute to the gallantry, the fineness, the courage that made it actual.

The sad death of this talented American boy may be his legacy to the

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youth of the world and help make it possible that others so afflicted as he, might live. Neither publisher nor author is deriving any profit from the sale of this book because of their donations to cancer research for children.

ALFRED J. DUFFY, C.P.

FROM DAY TO DAY

By Odd Nansen. 485 pages.
G. P. Putnam's Sons \$5.00

A distinctive note of vitality, spirit, and perspective characterizes this diary of a Norwegian's existence in German prison camps. Others have related the almost unbelievable brutality of Nazi confinements, but, in so doing, no one has managed to convey the impression of unquenchable humanity which Nansen presents.

For over three years, from 1942 to 1945, he was held in various concentration camps, at first in his native Norway, finally in Germany itself. From this horrifying experience it is not surprising that he has emerged with a deep abhorrence for things Teutonic. "Oh that I might be delivered once for all from that concept—German!" he cries. What is more remarkable is his continuing belief in what he calls "the warm springs of human life" that feed "the love which is our sole salvation." This expression of faith in man's spirit sets Nansen's book off from other chronicles of its kind and makes it a narrative worth reading and pondering.

H. L. ROFINOT

AGNES REPPLIER: LADY OF LETTERS

By George Stewart Stokes. 274 pages.
University of Pennsylvania Press.
\$3.00

Agnes Repplier was a witty and intelligent writer, interested in all things human, a high-spirited and courageous woman with little patience with what is second rate or stupid, and an essayist par excellence in a day when scant respect was accorded the genre. Her comment is sharp and salty without being censorious. When asked to take part in a debate on Shakespeare, she declined, "I do not assign to myself the task of imparting what I don't know to the world." When newspaper critics were under fire for not reading the books they reviewed, she said it was a good thing they didn't read them in their entirety, for that would make their comment bitter and misanthropic. She hollowed out her niche in letters slowly, knowing from the start that she could not afford to fail and yet certain that her place was secure because she had made it herself and nothing mean or shabby had gone into it.

It is not easy to be the kind of person Agnes Repplier is. In a little essay

THE SIGN

called, *The Spinster*, she says that happiness requires all the brains, and all the soul, and all the goodness we possess. It is not easy to stick to your own last when only the accident of public taste limits what you do and the appeal you make. The gift that made her write thus of her favorite kitten, "Once long ago, a little grey cat sat on my desk while I wrote, swept her tail across my copy, or patted with friendly paw my pen as it traveled over the paper. Even now I put out my hand softly to caress the impalpable air, for her spirit still lingers in the old accustomed spot," would have made her a great writer if applied to a popular genre, yet she was never tempted to stray out of her place.

Miss Repplier has been as fortunate in her biographer as he was in his subject, for Mr. Stokes is a careful and thorough scholar, and an interesting one. He has the right proportion of personal and judicial comment; his restatements of her themes as well as his analyses are excellent, and he has done his share in making her witty, cultivated mind continue to live.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE

WAY OF A FIGHTER

By Claire Lee Chennault. 375 pages.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50



C. L. Chennault, founder of the "Flying Tigers" and General of the Fourteenth Air Force.

Way of a Fighter is his autobiography. He dispatches the early years rather summarily and devotes most of the book to his years in China. However, he does tell us enough about the pugnacious youngster from Louisiana to shed a great deal of light on later conflicts. And conflicts he had in abundance. He fought not only the enemy, but brass hats in Washington and immediate superiors in the field. General Stillwell is singled out for very special treatment. The vehemence with which he vents his spleen upon the General makes the reader wonder about the motives of the author. His antipathies are so pronounced that they lead one to doubt the objectivity of some of his statements. But in view of his unusual military accomplishments, a layman hesitates to question his facts before consulting reliable military sources.

Chennault is a fighter and writes as a fighter, but he mixes a great deal of

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experience and wisdom with his venom. His forthright exposé of our blunders in China should make many military and civilian leaders in Washington feel uneasy. His book is not intended as past history, however, but is directed to the present and the future. Admitting the instability of the Chinese Government, he is convinced that we can still rescue China from the Reds with relatively small military expenditures. He can cite the glorious record of the American Volunteer Group to prove it. Whether he is liked personally or not, the brilliant victories of his "Flying Tigers" give him a right to be heard. He pleads not for himself, but for a forgotten ally.

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SHORT NOTICES

PARATROOPER PADRE. By Rev. Francis L. Samson. 137 pages. The Catholic University of America Press. \$2.50. With the first stroke of his pen, the Paratrooper Padre apologizes for adding his drop to the sea of war literature which is still pouring into the American book market. But the padre might well spare himself the effort. If his book were run-of-the-mill (in which some small, staid soul pretends to experience much too big for it), we would accept the apology. In fact, we would demand one. The padre, however, tells a perfectly wholesome and highly interesting story of a soldier in an odd sort of spot, a shepherd dropping out of the sky with his sheep, via parachute, and armed with the holy oil and a Mass kit. Incidental to his story are the sharp, moral observations of the trained priestly eye and the mind whetted on the Aristotelian and Thomistic grindstones. Incidental, too, is the account of his capture and enforced vacation in a Nazi concentration camp. The friends who prevailed on the padre to expand and publish in book form the original articles in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* have not misled him.

SERMONS AND DISCOURSES. By John Henry Cardinal Newman. 2 Vols. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3.50 each. These are two more of the new edition of Newman's more important works which is to run to about twenty volumes. These volumes have been edited by the well-known Newman scholar, Charles F. Harrold. Nazi bombs were the remote cause of this series. The bombing and fire which destroyed Paternoster Row in 1940-41 took toll of Longmans' complete stock of Newman titles. To meet an unabating market demand, the publishers decided on this new edition. These two volumes contain the sermons preached from 1825-39 and from 1839-57. The reader will note such pulpit classics as "The Parting of Friends," "The Mental Sufferings of Our Lord," "The Fitness of the Glories of Mary," "Christ Upon the Waters," "The Second Spring," "Omnipotence in Bonds." Such literature will never die while English is spoken in the world. This effort of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. to foster its circulation presents a fine incidental apparatus of index, annotation, and format.

FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

Ceremony of Innocence

by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster

► The extravagant praise sounded for this muddled and malicious book stems from reviewers' ignorance and prejudice. The reviewers naïvely believe the novel to be a devastating satire on organized religion and a powerful argument for "pure" Christianity. The more fools they.

To a South African convent of Anglican nuns there comes a queer young postulant. She is a clairvoyant, being able to divine such things as the number of eggs the hens will lay on a given day. She commits adultery with a liguored, swaggeringly opinionated writer. Pregnant, she predicts that her son will destroy the corrupt church (i.e., all formal Christianity) by inventing a radiolike machine which will enable God to get into direct touch with men. The convent community has been virtually dispersed and the local clergy grievously unsettled by the time the child is born in circumstances (if I may say it without blasphemy) similar to those of Christ's birth.

The reviewers assume that the parade of freaks here clad in habits and cassocks genuinely represents orthodox Christianity. These reviewers, like so many others, are pleased to see licentiousness whitewashed and haloed; hence, they hail the morality here exemplified. The reviewers commend the book as a pulverizing attack on religious materialism, and then proceed to swallow the extreme and preposterous materialism of the marvelous machine which, fifty years hence, will finally let the Almighty telephone to each of us individually.

(*Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75*)

There Is No Armour by Howard Spring

► "There is no armour against fate" is the theme of this long, lethargic recital which, while reminiscent of Mr. Spring's previous novels, is so sluggish and meager as to make those previous novels seem, by comparison, better than they were.

Ted Pentecost and his sister Blanche were the children of a happily married couple living near Manchester, England. Ted grew up to be a successful and celebrated artist, whereas Blanche was spoiled by a fond aunt. Ted married and had a son. Blanche married and had a daughter out of wedlock. Ted's son married Blanche's daughter. Ted had a mistress; she had a son by

someone else. That son fell in love with Blanche's daughter, who married him when her husband (Ted's son, remember?) died. Meanwhile, the author has pushed around all the standard and battered luggage of the outsize novel—births, deaths, wars, depression, strokes of luck, visitations of adversity, coincidences, confrontations, etc., etc. But to no purpose.

The only touch of reality in the interminable proceedings is supplied by a pair of evangelistic religious fanatics whose outrageous meddling interferes with Ted's life, while their smugness understandably exasperates him. A French priest, briefly glimpsed, speaks words of wisdom, and there is wisdom, too, in the statement that your fate is what "gets you in the end because of what you've wanted to get from the beginning."

(*Harper. \$3.50*)

The Springs by Anne Goodwin Winslow

► It is uncommon indeed to find a novel as serenely adult and as beautifully written as this. Its virtues are understanding, honesty, and unpretentiousness.

The subject is a young girl's wakening to love and life. Alice, in her mid-teens, lives in a pleasant Tennessee country home, a home civilized, gracious, and rich in familial affection. She is beautiful without realizing it; she is eager for experience without realizing that it will take a form different from what books have led her to expect. A resort hotel is built in the neighborhood. It attracts a variety of people to the somnolent countryside, and Alice finds the world coming to her doorway. The folly and ugliness of passion (the ape of love) are flamboyantly demonstrated by an affair which reaches a murderous climax on the hotel grounds. The abyss between generations is shown by the obstacles which keep Alice apart from a middle-aged man whom she finds wonderfully sympathetic. Finally, the love that is to last her a lifetime springs into being without her recognizing its beginnings.

With a simplicity which conceals art, this discerning narrative is admirably composed. Episode blends into unforced episode. Characters are exactly defined, even the most minor, and this is done chiefly through revelatory speech. There is about the book a human air which one breathes in lamentably few novels.

(*Knopf. \$2.75*)

A Tree of Night by Truman Capote

► Mr. Capote first won widespread attention with his novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, published about a year ago. In that book a distinctive style was lavished upon an involuted and frequently grotesque fiction about abnormal people. At the time, recognizing the unquestionable talent given such weird and, in the main, inconsequential employment, one hoped that in future it would be freed of the trammels of the perverse. But *A Tree of Night* dashes that hope. Here is work inferior to what has gone before. Only two of the stories command anything like respect; these are "Jug of Silver" and "My Side of the Matter." The rest are trumpery.

They deal with people trapped in supposedly terrifying situations, adults, adolescents, children haunted by loneliness and lostness, deliriously unsure of themselves, wandering and wailing in a nightmare realm, fevered, menaced, pursued, bedeviled. One does not remonstrate with Mr. Capote for failing to write pleasant stories, but one severely criticizes him for writing stories which are factitious and contrived. Unpleasant fiction is respectable when authentic; it is detestable when it gives the impression of being elaborately made up to chill and shock. The word for most of these stories is spurious.

The writing evidences deterioration. A few unlikely figures recur mechanically. The pseudopoetic touches are embarrassingly bad ("Tall trees . . . painted pale by malicious moonlight").

(*Random House. \$2.75*)

The Wastrel by Frederic Wakeman

► Cheapness appears to be the characteristic quality of Mr. Wakeman's fabrications. Surely it is the quality which stands out clearly in this novel. The title character, Duncan Bell, is a moneyed idler. Off the British colonial island where he lives, he is flung into the voracious sea when his powerboat unaccountably disintegrates. He has to save himself and his small, trusting son. This he succeeds in doing because of his close knowledge of the elements. It is an arduous task and a protracted one, involving staying afloat through a long night and keeping in the shoreward tide. During the dragging hours of darkness and danger he reviews his life, from the middle-class boyhood in which he renounced God (because of the early death of a favorite relative) to the sterile leisure of manhood. Principally he dwells on his unhappy marriage, and this, with its horribly unsavory particulars, is minutely examined. The implication is that his ordeal has sobered him and set him on the way to reform. One wonders.

(*Rinehart. \$2.75*)

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

novel. Love of God and love of sin are contradictory terms. The test of love of God is an effort to avoid sin. Scobie makes no such effort, and from that we deduce evidence that he had no love of God, yet in the last chapter, his love of God is still emphasized. Love of God is not mere sentimentalism but something real that motivates life, and in Greene's novel it was of no account.

(Miss) ANNA M. DOYLE
Holbrook, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Bowing in all sincerity to Father Kennedy's superior judgment and experience, and granting that Graham Greene is a literary giant, must we accept a book as a Catholic classic which requires so much defense and explanation? If it repels so many Catholics, will it attract non-Catholics? At least one of the purposes of a convert in writing a book should be to bring into the faith those outside it, and I greatly fear it will not achieve this.

ALMA M. HOLLAND
Louisville, Ky.

"The Bethlehem Story"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the January issue of THE SIGN, at the bottom of page nine, Mother Benedict is supposed to have said that souls matter more than bodies do, and then on page eleven is shown a nun at work sculpturing with the caption, "Perfection of art is an aim." The logic of the two expressions is a puzzle to me—why sculpturing would be compatible with "souls matter more than bodies do" and not the practice of medicine. I imagine that you do not see the logic either, but why let such statements pass in such a wonderful magazine as THE SIGN?

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D.
Medical Mission Sisters
Fox Chase, Phila., Pa.

A Student's Appraisal

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN is the first Catholic magazine that I have seen satisfy every member of the family, no matter what his interests or vocation. Your presentation of current fact and comment from a Catholic viewpoint is so interestingly arranged that I find myself reading articles that never before held any interest for me.

GERALDINE WICKER
Chicago, Ill.

Remarks of a New Subscriber

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Feeling a sense of obligation, rather than any desire to read the magazine, we subscribed to THE SIGN following a plea in our chapel. My wife signed the "pledge" card, and I accepted her good intentions with the thought, "Here comes another stuffy, cleric-minded, 'Catholic-is-appointed-to-prominent-post-brand,' magazine. Both my wife and I are pleasantly surprised. Your vigorous liberal tone is refreshing.

LYNN CHRISTY
State College, Pa.

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Feb. 2nd, The Purification of the B.V.M.	Aug. 15th, St. Bartholomew, Apostle	Dec. 1st, St. Thomas, Apostle
Feb. 24th, St. Matthias, Apostle	Sept. 1st, Nativity of the B.V.M.	Dec. 24th, St. Stephen, Martyr
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